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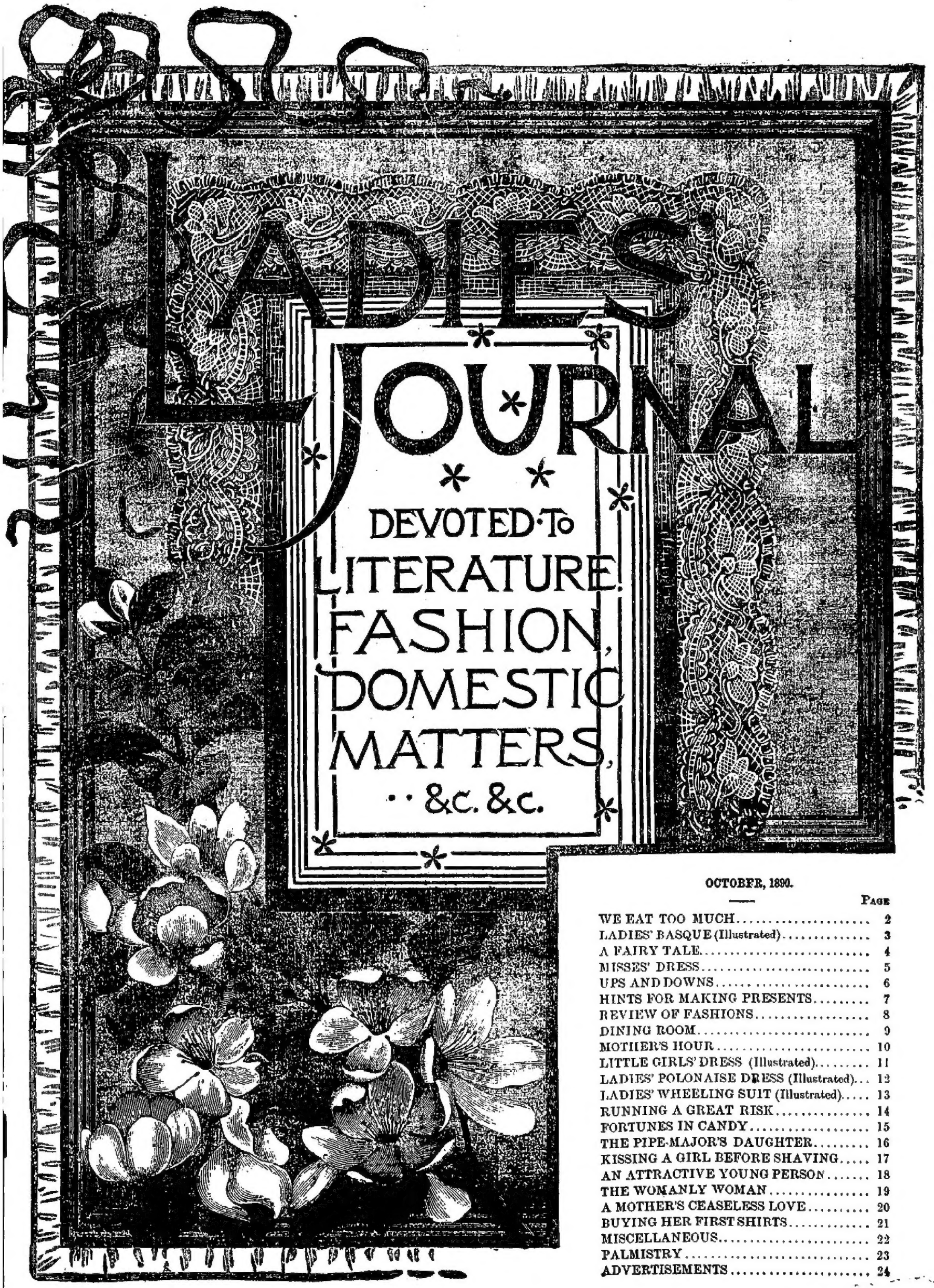

OCTOBER, 1890.

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We Eat Too Much.

A recent writer in an English medical journal shows conclusively that, while certain classes, owing to the stress of poverty, cannot obtain the nutriment they really need, the majority of people eat too much. Fortunately a moderate degree of over eating does not appear to be markedly injurious The digestive apparatus, though compelled to do more work than is really necessary, proves equal to the demands made upon it and does not break down or get seriously out of order. This is but one illustration out of many that might be given, showing how the marvellous mechanism of the human body adapts itself to conditions more or less abnormal. It is lucky for the average man that physiological laws are not of Medo-Persic inflexibility. He can violate them to a limited extent without incurring the penalty though he finds that, if he goes beyond that point, the punishment is swift and sure.

Careful investigations prove that the daily "destructive metabolism," or in plain words, the inevitable waste and wear of the body, which is the measure of the *work* it does, varies but little for different occupations. A diet of from twelve to fourteen ounces of chemically dry food, if the ingredients are in proper proportion and readily digestible, is sufficient to keep the average worker in good health. One part of nitrogenous to seven or eight parts of non-nitrogenous food is found to be a fair combination. A very small addition of stimulants appears to increase the amount of possible work; but moderately free drinking diminishes it. Women eat less than men, after making allowance for difference in weight and work. Where a man eats nineteen ounces, a woman of the same weight and equally active habits eats only fourteen or fifteen ounces. This latter allowance, as will be seen from the figures given above, is more than enough for a hard-working man, even when all meat is excluded from the diet. It is no uncommon thing, however, for a man of average size and activity to eat double this amount, or from twenty-five to twenty seven ounces of chemically dry food in a day. We are inclined to think that excess in eating is at least no less common in this country than in England. The abundance, variety and cheapness of food are naturally favorable to this over indulgence. The palate is tempted to intemperance by appetizing dishes, when it would be fully satisfied with a moderate amount of plain and wholesome food.

Advice to Mothers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in writing for the "Woman's Council Table" in the September number of *The Chautauquan* says: "I would have every mother in the land begin at the cradle to teach her daughters self-respect, self-denial and *thoroughness* in small things. I would have wee tots who grow easily *bore* with an embarrassment of toys, taught to deny themselves playthings for the benefit of poorer children. I would have their young minds early instilled with the beauty of self-sacrifice; and instead of importing costumes for their dolls, I would have them taught to cut, and sew, and make whole outfits for their dolls and I would bestow prizes and rewards for neat and successful work. In all such early matters would I train the childish mind to a pride in practical achievement. I would have them taught to mend, darn, and fold clothing nicely; and above and beyond any praise for great progress in music, drawing, or elocution, I would give them praise, medals, and public honors for keeping their rooms, their clothes-presses, their bureau drawers, and their personal effects in perfect order: and I would permit no servant to do for them what they could do for themselves. Constantly would I keep before them the need of self-denial in small matters, the necessity of doing things which were distasteful and doing them well, if they would possess character and stamina to meet the inevitable hardships which life presents to every soul."

Society Gossip.

Society doings and gossip have a sort of general interest for all women, but in a climate like ours going out is attended always with considerable risk. A woman is nearly all the time looking for what she can wear next to her delicate skin that will be light and yet warm enough to guard against the possibility of catching cold. A new undervest, stamped with the word "Health" and known to all doctors in this country as the Health Brand, has just been introduced here. For its advantages and beauty to be thoroughly understood it must be seen.

After all, the only way to profit by the experience of others and avoid their troubles is to die young.

Balance of this Year FREE

To all who subscribe for next year (see Offer below) to

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Edited by EDWARD W. BOK.

Some of the special features for these Autumn numbers are:

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can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—"*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*"—Send Postal Note for 75 cents to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors, 634 Broadway, New York.

NEW GOODS TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new stamped goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped toilet sets, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 60c., and 90c. per set of five pieces.
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 75c., and $1.00 each.
Night dress bags, newest designs, 40c., 45c., 60c., and $1 each.
Splashers, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c., 60c. and 75c each.
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Stamped Tidys, all fringed, 25c., 50c. and 75c. each.
Stamped Biscuit Holders, new designs, 30c. each.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wools we are still selling our Berlin Wool, single and double, at 8c. per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, 10c per oz.
Ice Wool, all colors, 10c. per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.
Arrasene in all the new shades, 25c. per doz.
Felt, all new colors, 2 yards wide, 75c. and $1 a yard.
Pompons, 15 styles, 60 colors, 20c. per doz. up.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent, via parcel post, to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. X. No. 1—NEW SERIES. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1890. $1 00 PER YEAR.

LOTS OF ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Bowser Invests in Valuable Patent Gate Springs, Etc.

I don't know just exactly how many inventions are brought out weekly in this country, but I do know that Mr. Bowser would buy each and every one of them if he had an opportunity. When we first set up housekeeping he had churns, washing machines, cultivators, boot-jacks, apple parers, wagon jacks, spring locks, gate latches and so on to the extent of a waggon load, and he has added to the collection ever since, when he could do so without my knowledge. One day about a year ago an express wagon unloaded a model of a patent gate at the barn, and soon thereafter Mr. Bowser came home in an excited and enthusiastic state of mind and said to me :

"Don't scream, or faint away, or fall over anything and break an arm, but be calm and collected."

"Mr. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"Be calm—be calm. Mrs. Bowser, we are worth a million dollars."

"W—what !"

"Keep cool. Don't let the good news unhinge your mind. Yes, we are worth a cool million, and perhaps two or three."

"Has some one left you a legacy?"

"No ; I have made it with my own wit and foresight. Money can be left to a fool, but it takes a sharp man to make money for himself. Come out to the barn."

I followed him out and when he had placed the model in the alley and arranged certain parts to his satisfaction, he said :

"This is the Climax farm gate, covered by three different patents. I have bought the right to the State for $500. You see the idea? This rope leading out on either side of the post is to be pulled by any one wishing to pass through. See? Farmer doesn't have to get down off his load of hay, just gives a yank—gate opens—drives through—gate shuts—goose hangs high."

"But—but—!"

"There's no but about it, Mrs. Bowser. Let's figure a bit. We'll say there are 50,000 farmers in the State. Each one wants five of these gates, making 250,000 gates in all. Each gate can be put in for $8, and the profit is $5. This gives me $1,250,000. We'll allow $50,000 for bad debts and we have a cool $1,200,000 to put into our pockets. Isn't that a good margin on $500?"

"Do you know that the farmers will buy this gate?"

"Buy it ! Why, they are crying for it all over the State ! I expect to be at least a thousand orders behind, the best I can do."

"Well, I hope it will be a success, but—"

"There you go ! Always ready to throw cold water on any of my enterprises ! If I brought you a solid chunk of gold you'd do your best to make out that it was nothing but a brick !"

An hour later a couple of sturdy old farmers came up at Mr. Bowser's invitation to see the patent, and I sneaked out to one side to hear what they might say. Mr. Bowser exhibited the gate, went over the figures and then asked what they thought of it.

"What's it for?" they asked.

"Why, to save a farmer from getting down off a load of hay or off his wagon."

"Um ! Yes !"

"Isn't it a good thing !"

"Mebbe."

"But it must be. Can't you see the convenience at a glance? The farmer doesn't have to get down."

"No, I see he don't and he's a durned idiot ! He'd better git down a thousand times than to pay $8 for that gate. What's he there for but to git down? He's got lots of time to git down and climb up again."

In about ten minutes they knocked the under-pinning away and let Mr. Bowser down with a dull thud. He didn't let go altogether, however, until after he had taken the model to the hay market and secured further opinions. One of the last farmers to examine it turned to Mr. Bowser with:

"If ye want to catch the farmer invent sunthin' that will fodder the stock and feed the hogs afore daylight on a Winter's morning. Might make the same invention bring wheat up to $2 a bushel, do his plowin', run the cider mill and pay off the mortgage on his farm."

It wasn't long after this before Mr. Bowser invested in a patent farm fence. The model showed three boards and two lines of wire to a section, and he bought six county rights at about $100 each. He came home on a trot, brimful of enthusiasm, and he took me out to see the model.

"Has any farmer seen it," I asked.

"Not yet, but three or four of them will be up pretty soon, and I have no doubt that every one will order a mile of it."

Three solid looking agriculturists put in an appearance after a while. They gave the model a careful looking over, and then one of them took out a pencil and said :

"It's a purty mighty fence, and it will stand, but let's figger a little on the cost."

The result of the figuring proved that it would take about the value of an average farm to fence it with that sort of fence, and the model is up stairs in the barn to-day.

Among Mr. Bowser's more recent investments was a patent gate spring. He brought the sample home under his arm, having bought the State right to manufacture and sell, and he was hardly in the house before he said :

"Mrs. Bowser, will you have the kindness to make some figures for me? Put down 1,428,260. Now multiply that by 60. The total is cents, and you will divide by 100 to get it into dollars."

"It's over $850,000," I replied.

"Exactly, but call it an even $800,000."

"What for?"

"To represent the sum I shall make within the next year on this patent gate spring. I figure that there are 1,428,260 gates in this State which need springs. This spring can be sold for $1, and the profit is sixty cents. Just like rolling off a log. Mrs. Bowser, we've struck it !"

"I—I hope so."

"I know it ! I feel it in my bones ! In a year from now we'll be able to walk on diamonds !"

Three days later Mr. Bowser had discovered that out of the 1,428,260 gates in the State, only the owners of about 100,000 thought it necessary to put on springs, and that a twenty-five cent spring worked just as well as a dollar one. He came home sick and laid abed all the afternoon, and towards night, when I asked him for $2 to get some notions, he roared out:

"Two dollars ! Two dollars ! You want two dollars?"

"Yes."

"I never saw such a woman to want money nor to spend it so extravagantly ! Mrs. Bowser, you let 'em rob you right and left ! You don't seem to have any idea of values. You have got to make a change or I'll do all the buying myself. They know better than to try any trickery on me, an don't you forget it !"

FIG. 38.—No. 4702.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 4 yards, 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36, 38 inches, 4½ yards; 40, 42 inches, 4¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide)for 30, 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2¼ yards; 36, 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40, 42 inches, 2⅝ yards.

No. 4701.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size of 21-inch goods, 9½ yards; 42-inch goods, 4⅝ yards. Skirt lining, 5 yards.

Plain or striped materials and velvet, or silk and woolen goods may be arranged after this costume, which consists of Basque Pattern No. 4702, price 25 cents, and skirt Pattern No. 4701, price 30 cents. In the illustration the basque has a rounded collar, yoke in front, and part of the sleeves of velvet. The back is cut with a coat-tail, and the front opens invisibly, with shirrings at the waist-line, and the upper part gathered to the yoke to form an erect ruffle. The full sleeve has the under part of the woolen fabric, edged with silk passementerie. The skirt has a panel of fan-pleats on the left side beneath the buttoned lap, and hangs plainly to the full, gathered back, with a trimming of velvet and passementerie on the edge of the front and sides.

Home Remedies.

Here is an old auntie's prescription for fever and ague which, for forty years, has proved a cure when taken according to direction : Blow out the dust from whole mustard seed, either black or white, and take a tablespoonful before breakfast every morning for three successive days ; then omit it three mornings, and again take it three successive mornings. Before the patient has taken the ninth dose he will wonder what has become of his chills. The seed should be swallowed whole, and are easily taken with water.

Mustard seed taken the same way as described above, but in teaspoon doses, is an excellent remedy for dyspepsia.

An old-fashioned and very good cough syrup is made of sunflower seeds as follows : Put half a pound of the seeds in a bag and pound them until they are broken, then add a quart of water and cook them well, after which strain them and add a pound of loaf sugar and a teacupful of New Orleans molasses to the juice. Boil it down until quite thick and add half a pint of the best gin, then bottle for use. Take a teaspoonful of this several times a day, according to the severity of the cough.

A syrup much used by our grandmothers for colds and whooping-cough is made of equal quantities of flax seed, licorice root, boneset and slippery elm bark. To these add cold water to cover well, and let the mixture boil slowly for an hour, then strain it and add half a pound of loaf sugar and a pint of molasses.

A remedy for coughs recommended by many of the best doctors is made by steeping flax seed and straining it through a tin strainer before it gets too thick. Add an equal quantity of lemon juice, and enough loaf sugar to make a syrup. This should be taken freely.

For a chronic cough get a bottle of strained honey, one of olive oil, and one of home-made wine. Two or three times a day take a mixture composed of one teaspoonful of the honey and two each of the oil and wine.

When children are threatened with croup, cut raw onions in slices, put them in a saucer and sprinkle them freely with brown sugar, then give the juice that forms in teaspoon doses.

A raw onion sliced and placed in a sick-room is a good disinfectant, as it absorbs poison rapidly. For that reason it should be burned twice a day and replaced by a fresh one.

We have been asked frequently what are the symptoms of worms in children. The following have been compiled from the best authorities :—The countenance pale ; eyes dull and pupil dilated ; picking of the nose ; occasional headache, with throbbing of the ears; slimy or furred tongue ; foul breath generally in the morning ; appetite changeable ; belly swollen and hard ; a gnawing or twisting pain in the stomach, or about the naval ; the bowels costive or purged, not unfrequently tinged with blood ; stools slimy ; urine turpid ; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth ; starting up out of sleep ; breathing occasionally difficult, generally with hiccough; temper changeable, but generally irritable. Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dawson's Chocolate Cream Worm Drops may be depended upon to effect a certain cure. Sold everywhere at 25c per box. Dawson Medicine Co., Montreal.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY PAYSIE.

Many, many years ago, when the good, little fairies made their homes in the forest and flowery dells, there was a little girl named Linda, who lived with her stepmother and her two sisters. The poor child was in great need of a mother's tender care; but she tried to be happy, and performed, uncomplainingly, all the hard tasks imposed upon her. Although but 10 years old, she must carry wood, draw water and wait upon her elder sisters, from morning until night. She was kept so busy that there was no time for her to go to school; and often she looked longingly at the rows of books on the shelves, and wished that she might learn to read and become wise.

One day as Linda sat resting for a few moments on the doorstep, an old woman, bent almost double with age, came to the little girl, and, in a pleasant voice, said: "Linda, why are you not at school with your sisters?"

"Alas," was the reply, "do you not know that I must remain at home to do the work?"

"But you must learn to read and write," said the visitor, "and if your mother will allow I'll teach you."

Linda was overjoyed when her stepmother gave the desired permission, and that very day the instruction began. After the lessons were over and the old woman was taking her departure, she whispered to the little girl: "If you are ever in trouble call upon the fairy, Blanka, and she will bring you aid."

Linda progressed so rapidly in her studies that the old woman said some great, good fortune would surely come to her. When her mother heard this, she begged that her daughters might learn with Linda; and she bought them beautiful books with gay pictures. But they were lazy, and although the old woman scolded and scolded, they would not study. Soon the pretty books became soiled and torn, and finally were lost. Then Linda must search all day for the missing books, but they were nowhere to be seen. When night came the mother said to Linda: "If you do not find the books in the morning you shall receive a severe beating."

The little girl was very sad; and that night when the house was quiet, and her mother and sisters were fast asleep, she rose from her little couch, and heedless of the darkness, wandered forth into the forest. As she neared a crystal spring, gushing from the rock, a bright light fell around her and she heard a silvery voice saying: "The fairy Blanka is near, and she will help you."

Then sinking to the ground, she fell into a deep sleep. When she awoke, the bright sun was bidding her good morning, and in her lap, lay the lost books. At her side, stood a small cart, drawn by three white owls, one of which, in a rough, hoarse voice said, "The fairy Blanka has sent us to carry you home." The little girl quickly mounted the fairy chariot, the owls flapped their wings, and away they went, so swiftly that they reached Linda's home before her mother and sisters had awakened.

Now the old woman wished to teach her pupils fine needle work. As before, Linda applied herself so diligently that she was soon as skillful as her teacher. But although her sisters had golden needles and the finest of silk, with which to sew, they would take no care, and finally threw away the golden needles in order to escape the hated sewing. When the mother learned that the needles were lost she commanded Linda to find them. The little girl sought all day without finding the object of her search. At night the mother said: "To-morrow you must find the needles or you can no longer live in this house."

The child was greatly frightened, and determined to go again in quest of her kind friend, the fairy. So when everyone was sleeping, she quietly left her room, and walking through the silent, deserted streets, came to a large meadow, which was so broad that even in the bright moonlight, Linda could not see the other side. On the little girl wandered until, weary and footsore, she sank on the shore of a brooklet running through the meadow.

"Please, kind fairy, help me," she cried, and then fell asleep to dream bright visions of fairyland. She was aroused by something tugging at her dress, and on looking up she saw a tiny humming bird holding the golden needles in its mouth. Beside her stood the fairy chariot, having for steeds six white swans, which arched their necks, and cried: "The fairy Blanka bids you awake and hasten to your home."

Linda obeyed the wishes of the fairy. Great was the astonishment of the stepmother and her daughters when they learned that the golden needles had been really found.

In a short time the old woman made another visit to Linda's home, and showing a bag of pearls, said: "I am faint and hungry. To the one who will cook me the best meal I shall give this bag of pearls."

Each one wished to possess the jewels, and went to work to prepare the meal. But one burnt the meat and the other did not cook it enough. Linda, alone, made ready that which satisfied the old woman's hunger; and as a reward was given the bag of pearls. The mother was very angry that neither of her daughters had received the jewels, and as soon as the visitor had taken her departure the pearls were taken from Linda and given to her elder sister, who became very haughty, and treated the *poor* step-child worse than ever. Suddenly the pearls disappeared, and although neighbors and friends joined in the search, no trace of the missing jewels could be found. Finally the mother said: "Linda, you have found the books and the golden needles, and now you must find the pearls. If you do not find them by to-morrow morning I shall beat you and drive you from the house."

Linda wept bitterly and begged her mother not to be so cruel; but the mother made no reply, except to repeat her threats. That night the little girl could not sleep. She had almost forgotten, in her trouble, the good fairy, who had been so kind to her. Suddenly remembering the words of the old woman, she sprang up and crying, "The fairy will help me," hastily left the house and took her way to the mountain. Here she called again and again for Blanka; but no reply came. At last, exhausted by grief and fatigue, she fell to the ground, and knew nothing more until the morning shone bright upon her. At her side lay the bag of pearls, and she was about to hasten home with her treasure when she heard a noise as of a rushing wind, and down the mountain came the fairy chariot, drawn neither by the owls nor the swans, but by 12 large eagles. Linda now knew that the fairy had sent her aid, and seating herself in the chariot she was soon at her home. Running into the house, she cried: "See, see, mother, I have found the pearls in the mountain."

But instead of being rejoiced over the recovery of the jewels, the mother was white with rage, and seizing the child by the arm, cried: "Wicked child, you have stolen these, and also the books and golden needles, and have hidden them in the mountain; else how could you find them in one night?"

"Indeed, mother," sobbed the child, "I have not stolen them. The fairy Blanka helped me to find them."

But the mother would hear nothing, and drove the friendless child out into the street. Lone and sad, Linda wandered again to the mountain, where she sat down on an old moss-covered stone, and shedding bitter tears, wished she were dead. As she thus sat, a slight rustling in the bushes roused her, and looking up, she saw her old friend and teacher, who inquired the cause of her trouble. When Linda had related her grievances, the old woman said: "I prophesied that good fortune would come to you, and now it is here."

Scarcely had these words been spoken when the fairy chariot, drawn by the 12 eagles, was present, and instead of the old woman, the fairy Blanka, herself stood near and said: "Your troubles are at an end. Come with me."

She then carried Linda away to the beautiful palace in fairyland, where she was happy ever afterward. But the cruel stepmother and her two daughters lived in great want, as punishment for their evil deeds.

A Cradle Song.

Oh, rare the honey-dew that drips,
By love distilled from baby's lips;
And sweet the breath that from them flows
Laden with odors of the rose
Sleep, darling, snugly folded up,
A osebud in its mossy cup--
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Away from earth her spirit seems
To wander in the land of dreams;
But what within that realm she sees
Is part of nature's mysteries;
The secrets of her deep repose
The baby never may disclose--
Sleep, baby, sleep!

The hush of evening, deep and calm;
Descends to earth with tender balm;
The blossoms fair their petals close,
And nod and sink to soft repose;
Sleep, darling, till the dawn, and then
Bring glory to the world again--
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Hypnotism has proved to be the principal subject of discussion at the meeting of the British Medical Association.

"I trust," said the love-lorn young man, "that the poem I sent you touched you, even if only a very little." "It did, it did," she murmured. "I made curl papers with it."

Association for the Advancement of Women.

Seventeen years ago a few earnest hearted women of New York city were led to take steps towards forming an association for the advancement of their sisters. They issued a circular, which they sent out to all the women of the country who by voice, or pen, or practical work, had conquered an honorable place in any of the leading reforms, such as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Prof. Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, &c. The circular asked for an expression of opinion as to the propriety and wisdom of convening a "Woman's Congress" for the purpose of organization. The response was so very favorable that a convention was called, and an association formed, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore being elected first president. The constitution set forth that the motto of the Association "shall be *Truth, Justice* and *Honor*," and its object, "to consider and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral, and physicial conditions, with a view to the improvement of all domestic and social relations." Once a year the Association meets in convention, when appropriate papers, dealing with the objects of the society and prepared by the most gifted women of our times, are read and discussed. Hitherto these annual gatherings, owing to the distinguished abilities of the ladies who take part in the proceedings, have been occasions of great interest; so much so that in nearly every city, after the dispersion of the Congress, societies and clubs--educational, humanitarian, and philanthropic, have sprung up, and are accomplishing much good. The society has selected Toronto for its next place of meeting and has fixed the date for Oct. 15th 1880. An opportunity will thus be offered the citizens of Ontario to learn more particularly concerning the aims and methods of an organization whose object is so abundantly praise-worthy, and which is destined to play no mean part in lifting the world into a higher and better place. The many conventions which from time to time gather in the Queen city not the least important will be this forthcoming Women's Congress.

About Children's Feet.

It is the part of the wise mother, to carefully watch the feet of her little ones during their tender years. "Keep the head cool and the feet warm," is a faithful admonition, especially adapted to the children. With many woolen stockings should be avoided altogether, especially when they cause itching or sweating of the feet. Perspiration will be absorbed by the wool, making of the stocking a cold, clammy mass, more to be dreaded than the most tempting "mud puddle." Equip such children with firm, substantial cotton hose, providing woolen anklets or leggings, if thought best, and their feet will be warm and dry, except for outward wetting.

When this happens, whether in child or adult, the wet garments should be promptly removed, the feet bathed—if possible with lukewarm water—and vigorously rubbed till dry. Where this is promptly done, dry shoes and stockings being put on, there is little danger of serious results. Care in keeping the feet warm and dry is very much better than muffling the throat and neck. Too often it happens that a thick muffler is laid aside, the child steps into a draught of air, the perspiration is checked, and deadly lung or throat troubles follow; whereas, had the throat been but lightly covered, the strong circulation of the blood naturally keeping it abundantly warm, with the extra attention devoted to the feet and lower limbs, where the circulation is least vigorous, there would have been no danger of colds or more dangerous maladies.

While the child's foot is immature, with yielding bones and tender muscles, it is of greatest importance that care be exercised in all that pertains to the shoes, if serious trouble in later life would be avoided. The shoe should fit properly, being neither too large nor too small, and the child should be taught to walk firmly and squarely upon it; as soon as there are signs of the heel "running over," the aid of a cobbler should be invoked, or a new pair procured. More is meant by the "fit of a shoe" than is often realized. Unless the hollow of the foot is fitted, there is a constant tendency to break down the arch, making the foot flat and the owner miserable; and the graceful contour, once destroyed, can never be wholly regained. In mature life, except in case of disease or debilty, the muscles may be trusted to maintain the true proportions.

Singers and public speakers all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for the voice. 5 cents.

Why Girls Do Not Marry.

The primary reason is no doubt because, writes a man in the *St. James's Gazette*, men do not ask them, or, rather, because the right men do not ask them. Putting aside such questions as means and position, there are, according to my observation, two great reasons why many really charming and attractive girls do not find husbands, as I regretfully admit they do not. These reasons are precisely opposite in character. Some girls are too particular, and some are not particular enough. The former class, without necessarily entertaining any very high flown or romantic notions, are apt to repel many a worthy though not brilliant-seeming wooer by a foolishly scornful demeanour. This is all very well for a time—no girl should sell herself against her own inclinations—but it is often carried too far. When it grows into a habit and the years roll by (as they do with a good deal more certainty than the clouds) there comes a time when the worthy wooer fails to present himself at all—and the fairest maiden wakes up to the humiliating discovery that husbands do not grow like blackberries. The second class is, I am sorry to say, more numerous. They are not particular enough in this sense; they seem somewhat too anxious to be married, and without the slightest immodesty or want of decorum make themselves too cheap, to put it bluntly. Among a very extensive acquaintance in a large town, where pretty, refined and accomplished girls abounded I have observed the same thing over and over again. A girl nice enough to be any man's wife will meet some tolerable young fellow in the ordinary course of society. He will be attracted, as is the way with young fellows, and begin to pay her some attention. Instead of behaving as if she had a proper sense of her own value, she will make no attempt to conceal her pleasure at being thus singled out, but will be plainly all gratitude for the young man's favours when he chooses to bestow them, and all humility when he chooses to withhold them. In short, she will make far too much of him; and the young fellow, as is the way with young fellows, finding he can play fast and loose, will at once proceed to do so, always ending with the loose. It is a sad pity. Several young ladies have sorrowfully admitted that it is their own fault. Perhaps the mothers are to blame if, under the stress of competition, they urge upon their daughters somewhat too warmly the desirability of matrimony to the neglect of a proper degree of self-respect. It may be hard to steer a middle course between holding men too cheap and too dear, but it can be done by a due mixture of self-respect and respect for others. If a mere man may offer a hint in so delicate a matter I would say to some girls: Do not despise a man because he is a man and not a young Greek god. If you only knew it, the one essential thing about a husband is that he shall be kind. And to some others I would say: Do not forget that a good girl is good enough for any man; and, if the men forget it, take care to remind them.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Celery for family use may be stored in boxes or baskets by taking care that the roots are closely packed in moist earth and kept so.

If steamed meat is left in the liquor to cool off, it will be found to have absorbed back much of the goodness of the soup and will be so much the more nutritious as food.

The simplest and cheapest way to cool a room when the hot weather is full upon us is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cool. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twelve degrees in less than an hour.

To clean the heads of children take half an ounce of honey, half an ounce of flowers of sulphur, an ounce of vinegar, and two ounces sweet oil. Make the whole into a liniment and rub a little of it on the head repeatedly. Give nourishing food to the children, and keep them scrupulously clean.

In preparing barley water for invalids put a quart of cold water into a saucepan, throw into it a teacupful of pearl barley; let it come slowly to a boil, and then boil it gently for ten minutes. Pour it, barley and all, into a jug. When cold it is fit for use. Leave the barley in the water until it is all drunk. Barley water may be flavoured according to taste.

"Wherever you find petroleum you won't find mosquitoes," said an oil country man. "The insects can't stand the smell of the grease, and wherever oil wells are plenty there is no call for mosquito bars. Over and over again I've seen mosquitoes leave a new oil field as soon as a well flows. Whether petroleum applied to the face and hands will drive off mosquitoes I don't know. But one of the few compensations of the driller is that he is seldom troubled by mosquitoes.

LITERARY NOTES.

After all that has been said on the subject of alcoholic liquors in relation to the human body it is not easy for any person to invent anything new or striking. This, however, is the ambitious task which Rev. George Lurcher, Buffalo Plains, N. Y., sets for himself in "Handcuffs for Alcoholism," and which he has accomplished with very great success. Starting out with a discussion of the component elements of alcohol he considers in order the effect of alcohol upon the blood, upon the liver, upon nutrition, etc., etc. The work evinces a thorough familiarity with the latest conclusions of science which are set forth in such terms and illustrated by such incidents as render them perfectly intelligible to the most unskilled reader. Though the arguments advanced in support of some of the positions taken, e. g. the substantial identity of carbonic acid and fever poison, may not be considered absolutely convincing by all, the general teaching of the book is unquestionably in harmony with the most modern scientific facts. No one can carefully read "Hand Cuffs For Alcoholism" without feeling that alcoholic liquors are a dead enemy to the human body. The book is calculated to do much good, especially among Father Lurche's co-religionists. It is a defect of this work intended for general circulation that its author should have undertaken to land the Catholic church and clergy as he does in the introduction, where he claims that "her clergy are the most invincible moral phalanx on earth." Such stattments, which have no vital connection with the subject in hand, will prejudice many readers from giving to the work that careful attention its merits demand. But notwithstanding this defect the book must be classed among the best popular works on the subject that have yet appeared.

No man living is better qualified to give to the world a biographical sketch of General Grant, *the* hero of the late American Civil War, than George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who for more than twenty years lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with this peerless American citizen. A full drawn portrait from Childs' pen would be a literary treasure. But though failing to give any elaborate account of his friend, Mr. Childs has not been altogether remiss. Within the past few weeks he has sent out a modest little volume of 100 pages, containing a number of "recollections" of his regal friend. The story is told in a manner most interesting. The reader is fascinated from the beginning, and he will needs have pressing duties if having once begun to read he lays down the book before the tale is finished. Everybody ought to read these "recollections" which illustrate in many ways the statement found in the opening paragraph that "in his (Gen. Grant's) life three qualities were conspicuously revealed—justice, kindness and firmness."

How to Treat A Sweetheart.

From an old New England scrap-book: When he comes to see you let me give you a few hints as to your treatment of him.

First of all, my dear, don't let him get an idea that your one object in life is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so lightly of yourself that whenever he has an idle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him

Don't let him think that you are going out driving with him alone, even if your mother should be lenient enough to permit this.

Don't let him think that you are going to the dance or the frolic with him; you are going with your brother, or else you are going to make up a party which will all go together.

Don't let him spend his money on you; when he goes away he may bring you a box of sweets, a book or some music; but don't make him feel that you expect anything but courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not till you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arms around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger that meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights, but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there he was right to put a kiss on your lips—it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of little value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful, rich, purple plum; it hangs high up on the tree and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side, so that when he gets it he appreciates it.

FIG. 45.—No. 4690.—MISSES' DRESS. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 10 years, 8¾ yards; 11 years, 10 yards; 12 years, 10¾ yards; 13 years, 11½ yards; 14 years, 12 yards; 15 years, 12½ yards.

Quantity of Material (41 inches wide) for 10 years, 4¾ yards; 11 years, 5 yards; 12 years, 5¼ yards; 13 years, 5¾ yards; 14 years, 6 yards; 15 years, 6¼ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 4¾ yards of 42-inch material and⅝ of a yard of 18-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

The guimpe on this figure is taken from Pattern No. 4128. Price 20 cents, and is appropriate for all-over embroidery, tucked nainsook, insertion, lace, etc., consisting of a yoke, frill around the neck, shirt-sleeves, and wristbands. The body portion is drawn up around the waist, holding it in position when the dress is put on over it. The dress represents Pattern 4690, price 25 cents, and may be used for light woolen fabrics, dainty cottons, or India silk, plain or figured. The full skirt is simply gathered and hemmed, the elbow sleeves hang in knife-pleats, the round "baby" waist is shirred in several rows at the top, and a sash of the goods from the side seams is tied in the back. Epaulets of velvet trim the shoulders, and a coraclet belt of the same is held by a buckle in front.

Precious Stones.

If in Hebrew literature the references to precious stones as such are frequent and enthusiastic, there is a curious paucity of allusion to them in their natural or merely polished state in Greek literature. And I think the reason is, that whereas the Hebrew might never grave the likeness of anything that is in the earth or in the water under the earth, and had to find his great delight in smoothness and lustre and color, the Greek regarded every material, wood or marble, onyx or amethyst, or ivory and gold, principally from the point of view of its adaptability to the art by which it was his delight to represent what he saw, what he imagined—above all, gods as men walking. Certain stones, it is true, had in themselves value and significance to the Greeks. Amethyst means simply "not drunken," and they wore amethysts, not as a blue ribbon or other temperance badge—far from it—but as a charm by virtue of which they hoped to imbibe freely and escape any evil consequences.

The agate, again, was regarded as a still more valuable talisman, a charm against the intoxication of love. The word athatas occurs in a poem on precious stones ascribed to Onomacritus.

FIG. 66—No. 4717.—MISSES' DRESS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 10 years, 10 yards; 11 years, 10¼ yards; 12 years, 10½ yards; 13 years, 11 yards; 14 years, 11½ yards; 15 years, 12 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 5 yards; 11 years, 5¼ yards; 12 years, 5½ yards; 13 years, 5¾ yards; 14 years, 5¾ yards; 15 years, 6 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 4½ yards of 42-inch goods, and 4 yards of 21-inch silk for sleeve and ruching on skirt, or 1½ pieces of ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size.

Such light-weight goods as cashmere, camel's-hair, etc., are as pretty for this frock as China silk, which always makes a charming best dress for evening or dancing-school wear. The round bodice is simply trimmed with silk scarfs, gathered at the shoulders and waist-line, and continuing down the back to form sash ends and loops, with velvet rosettes at the waist-line. The collar, cuffs, and bodice are still further trimmed with velvet ribbon. Full sleeves of velvet give a stylish finish, as does the pinked ruche of silk on the edge of the full skirt. Pattern No. 4717, price 25 cents.

Chalcedony and sardis are named after the two towns in Lydia and the Thracian Bosphorus. But it is when we come to cut and engraved stones that we touch upon the most intimate possessions and treasures, the faithful witnesses of the life of the ancient world—where there was no dream of sun pictures on scraps of paper, or mechanical means of multiplying paintings or drawings; where the graven seal was the most sacred sign of possession, the bond of faith, the token of recognition; where the Greek had the image of his gods, the friend wore the likeness of his friend, the lover that of his mistress carved on a gem; and where the fleeting word indeed was scratched on tablets of wax, but sacred names and signs, epigram and aphorisms, were cut on sardonyx and offered in the temples of the gods, or on pillars of marble by the wayside for public instruction and edification. We touch upon the whole faith and solemnity and citizenship and romance of Greek and Roman national life, records which the lapse of thousands of years have left unchanged, and which may pass unchanged to generation after generation unborn. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

FEMININE FANCIES.

Broad trimming laces are again used to to edge hat brims.

Some of the leading ladies' tailors are now braiding the sleeves of jackets to match the collars, with excellent effect.

Gowns of black canvas grenadine combined with dark plaid silks, are likely to be very popular the coming summer.

Jet is fully restored to its old-time favor, and is used on silks, grenadines and laces, and also on ladies' cloths, plain poplins, cashmeres, etc.

A charming novelty in the line of weaving woolen dress fabrics is produced by weaving white wool over colors, producing a pretty, misty, flakelike effect.

"Congo," a new shade likely to meet with considerable popularity, is a dull purple with a silvery sheen all over it. It is named in honor of Stanley, the African explorer.

Collarettes of mull, silk, muslin or crepe de Chine, in delicate tints, with straight or scalloped edges, can be bought by the yard, and are used for the neck and sleeves of simple home toilets.

Lace-like stripes are the feature in cotton and woolen thin dress goods, and are made very effective by running in narrow silk or velvet ribbons, and finishing with rosettes of the same.

A fluted brim is a novelty in straw bonnets. A black chip recently imported, of this description, was trimmed with narrow black ribbon velvet and cowslips, the ribbon pinned on with small gold pins.

Cheviots are in special demand for tailor-made gowns, and are severely simple in cut and style. Checks and plaids are largely adopted, the bodice cut crossover and lined with silk; the skirt only faced.

Muslin dresses are made with straight tucked skirts, full, crossed, V shaped or "surplice" bodices, high, full, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and broad waist-band of silk or ribbon. They are inexpensive but very effective.

Gaiters matching the costume, or made of fine, black cloth, in most cases lined with satin, will be worn with walking shoes the coming summer, it is said. While answering the same purpose as boots, they are cooler and much more comfortable.

A new material likely to be popular for summer gowns is silk canvas, with crescents or disks of satin scattered upon its surface. It is thicker and more coarsely woven than grenadine and would be better described as silk cloth, as it has the sheen of silk with the weight and texture of cloth.

Esquimaux Superstitions.

Esquimaux are believers in ghosts. They also believe in the transmigration of souls, that spirits return in animals, winds, rocks, ice and water, that they are evil, angry or good, as the elements may be favorable or unfavorable, and that they can be appeased by hoodoo rites, if the performer is sufficiently versed in occult sciences. Childless women, it is claimed, cannot return to the surface of the earth after death. To change the wind, for instance, they chant, drum and howl against it, build fires, shoot against it, and as a last resource fire the graves of the dead. Tribes put hoodoos on each other by ceremonial dances and howling. The hoodoo of total destruction upon neighbors is the building of a fire within sight of those coming under their displeasure. Tribal relations are severed by making a fire outside and burning all ornaments or disguises used in ceremonial dances, such as raven skins, eagle tails, deer horns and masks. Tribes that are hoodooed answer by a return hoodoo, but with families and individuals it is different. Outlawed by their tribe or relations, they become discouraged, hopeless and gloomy, and literally "go off and die."

To Fancy.

From what mystery of space
Come you, miracle of grace
Shy, elusive, like a star
Shot across the night you are,
Lighting up the realm of dream
With a transitory gleam?

Phantom of the poet's brain,
From what shadowy domain
Come you secretly, unsought,
Making music of his thought,
Thrilling him the gift of rhyme
At an unexpected time?

Is there any magic lure
That will win you quick and sure?
Is there any fetter strong
That will hold you, soul of song?
Tell me, Fancy, so that I
May not let you slip me by!

FRANK DEMOSTER SHERMAN.

Written for The Ladies' Journal.

UPS AND DOWNS.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY L. A. H.

CHAPTER XIV.

With her own secret trouble to keep her company, Louise watched and waited for Neil.

At last he came, but she missed the elastic spring, and knew that what she dreaded had come to pass, and that the bar room as well as the pool-table had known her brother's presence.

Stepping softly so as not to disturb the sleeping child, she found Neil lying on the sofa, disgustingly helpless notwithstanding his vigorous manhood. His face was flushed with drink, his brown curly head falling heavily over one arm.

She stood with clasped hands looking down on the wreck of what she loved so well, and wondered how much longer that love could hold out?

She had fought against her wiser self, that 'twas his wild oats he was sowing, and that some day he would turn aside, but to see him lying there, his bright intelligence clogged with intoxication, revolting in his animal sleep, made her shiver as she slipped a pillow under his besotted head.

As he left the house the next morning, she returned, for the first time, a cool salute.

All that long day she wandered restlessly from one room to another, with a heavy foreboding of approaching trouble, even chiding her golden haired darling for his noise with Pluto, to snatch him up again and rain tears and kisses on his innocent face begging of the child in quivering tones "to love her, oh so much!"

A ring of the bell made her limbs so tremble, she could scarcely open the door where stood two men, and she intuitively knew that what she was waiting for had come, and sobbing them enter asked: "What was the matter with Neil?"

Unwittingly she had put a wrong question, for it was about him they had come, a detective and police man in plain clothes.

"Jewels were stolen last night, and suspicion rested on Neil Sheridan. They were gone from Vy's jeweler store on Church Street, the same place where Philip worked.

Neil had been there in the afternoon and again in the evening apparently to see his brother, but evidently taking the bearings of the situation, as the entrance to the diamond safe was effected by one acquainted with the place."

Louise listened as if turned into stone. "He lives in her house seeking *stolen goods*, and her brother accused as the thief."

The words seemed to be written in fire on her very brain, whilst some icy hand was slowly squeezing every drop of blood out of her heart at each word she heard.

"When would her brother return?" She did not know and at her wild assertion of his innocence, "Where was he between eight and ten last night?" Again she did not know, but oh her Neil did not do it she was sure and bid them search the house which they did with alacrity, as they could not have done, not having a search warrant; but found nothing.

It was getting dusk, and as they waited for the lad's coming, hardened men as they were with scenes like this, they felt sorry for the young girl awaiting her brother's walking into the merciless grip of the law without one warning or word from her, who would literally place her head under his feet to help him.

At last she heard the well known footsteps, and knew not whether to be glad or sorry.

The young fellow threw a hurried glance at the two men, for contrary to his sister he recognized the sleuth hounds of the law. They had heard him into his sister's simple room.

God grant there may be few in this selfish city to suffer as Louise Sheridan did. Little Pat had crept into her arms, frightened at the unwonted disturbance, and faithful Pluto stretched himself at her feet looking askance at the door, where the terrible examination was taking place.

Last night she thought her pain was the keenest she could bear, but as she waited and thought of her father's honored name being tarnished even with a suspicion, and more awful still, to see Kingston's grim walls looming in the distance, the white lips murmured "how long, O Lord, how long?"

She tried to bow her head to the heavy stroke that Providence permitted, but ere the words of "Thy will be done" were formed, the rebellious young heart cried out "but it must not be Thy Will." So weak is poor humanity.

The door opened; ah! she read the verdict in their faces.

A couple of loose diamonds were in an out-of-the-way pocket, and he was under arrest.

Louise dragged herself over to the brother branded as a thief.

There they stood, locked in each other's arms, those two who had entered into the world together with a spotless future before them.

Neil passed his hand, with the old caressing gesture over the bowed head of his striken sister.

"Do not grieve so, dear, I may be wild and reckless, but I swear to you by our dead mother's memory I would not sully my sister's name, were it to take what would save her from starvation." Then without even a word to little Pat he passed out into the dark.

CHAPTER XV.

Next morning George Frazer was startled at his wife's pale face as she hurried into his room with a morning *World's* account of yesterday's bold robbery of five thousand dollars' worth of unset diamonds, and Neil Sheridan arrested as the burglar.

"Bless my soul, Jessie; this cannot be true!"

"Of course not," stoutly asserted Mrs. Frazer with tears in her blue eyes, "my poor Louise, I must go to her at once."

"Yes, my lass, and call into Kavanagh's office and tell him to come up immediately."

And so Louise in her lonely home bowed down with shame and sorrow had good friends working for her.

This same morning two men were standing before the Magistrate, pen in hand, giving their bond each for five thousand dollars.

The prisoner's face twitched as he wrung the hands of Beverleigh Romayne and Edgar Atheling, telling them that he would prove they had not misplaced their confidence.

On leaving that dark court where crooked ways are tried to be made straight, they met Arthur Kavanagh coming from his interview with George Frazer and in his private sanctum they weighed the pros and cons of the case.

Neil could recollect but little of what occurred that fatal night, as never before being under the influence of liquor, it completely upset his mental equilibrium, hearing nothing distinct about where he was or what took place.

He had left home about eight o'clock, and sometime afterwards met a Mr. Fife, who invited him into a saloon. This Fife worked beside Philip and was a prominent Sunday school teacher in St. X's church and noted for his zeal in his pious work, yet strange that he should be the first to raise the cursed glass to the lips of a youth.

Neil could remember meeting no one that night who might prove an alibi.

Where could he have been!

They interviewed Fife, and he swore to meeting Neil after ten and seeing him very much shaken, thought some cognac would do him good, not dreaming that it would so affect him.

Neil's friends began to wish it were all safely over.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day of the trial came, and there was an unusual crowd to watch it, as it had been rumored around the city. There was a witness for the defence of high standing, some thought 'twas the mistress of the Government House.

In the box stood the prisoner, for the plaintiff's side had been heard. Louise sat with her pale face turned towards him watching every question of the cross-examination by the plaintiff's council; and her head sank as Neil's desultory story of how he had passed the hours between eight and twelve on Wednesday night, and there were the visible proofs of the theft: and lawyer Hick, held up the two diamonds that seemed to glitter with sinister brilliancy. Then was drawn out Neil's manner of living, nothing really damaging but still against him.

Louise gazed appealingly at her friends as if for help, and there was Zita Heatherleigh approaching to comfort her no doubt, but it was not sympathy she wanted, but liberty for her brother.

But Zita passing her by took Neil's place, and Louise hardly understood as that rarely beautiful girl, after raising the Book to her lips, turned to the Judge, and told of how on the night of the robbery and at the alleged time it took place she saw the prisoner, Neil Sheridan, in St. X.s' church on King street.

Then followed the story of the "scene" and "order" was not called in the court, for in person of the Judge sat one of the instruments of Neil's, for once a fortunate practical joke.

And the lad proved his possession of that strange power by deciding in the judge's voice, "Neil Sheridan was free," and the sour old decreer of criminals' fate, was seen to move his rusty risibles, as he declared Neil acquitted by an unprecedented alibi.

Sudden relief, like sorrow, often snaps the tense nerves, so that Louise could only gasp, "Oh Neil," and swooned in his arms.

A short time afterwards the pious Fife was convicted as the real thief. He had, after drugging him with the liquor, slipped the two stones into Neil's pocket.

CHAPTER XVII.

Myles had come home enrolled in the orders of the Gospel and was to raise his voice for the first time in the interests of religion within the dim religious light of his cathedral church. It was a "charitable sermon," and as Toronto is a church-going city there was a goodly number assembled.

Louise, on entering, saw a seat vacant and took it. In a few minutes a stout, red-faced woman (as if engaged in the brewing business), stood at the door ordering all to leave her pew, regardless of the fixed rule that seats are free in the evening, and then this Christian woman bent her knee in lowly homage to the Meek Lamb.

As Myles mounted the pulpit all eyes were turned to him. They saw a spare, but well-knit figure, with a closely-cropped, black head, and hard, dark face.

As he commenced, taking for his text, Our Lord's sign of how his followers would know one another, Louise was conscious of only the natural feelings of trepidation lest he break down.

But she soon forgot the form in the matter, and listened with breathless interest as the youthful servant of his Master unfolded some of what that Divine decree contained: "Love one another." And proud ladies were made to acknowledge their culpableness as they heard the relentless voice declaring God's love for his poor and lowly, and his vengeance on those who trampled where they should have embraced, seeing in them a perfect likeness of His thirty-three years; and men of influence moved uncomfortably in their seats as they thought of their opposite life to that of justice, bordering on charity when they showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan, but exacted their pound of flesh.

The face lost its harshness as he pleaded for more Samaritans in this great city, regardless of their race or creed, and not to leave their good intentions within the church where they were born, but help them to grow strong by world-wide exercise.

To the right of the pulpit sat Clarice Hale fighting the deadly fight between right and wrong, God and Mammon.

"Would she give up what belonged to the orphan, and so lose her hold on the pleasure her worldly heart beat for alone?

"No," and her face grew sullen, as her bad spirit declared to the Eternal One, "I will not serve."

Beside her sat Zita Heatherleigh. She had come to hear Louise's brother, and for that alone, for this fragile girl with a face as if caught at its birth from the smile of an angel acknowledged no Supreme Being. She would not injure the slightest insect that crawled the earth, with a generous spirit and a detestation of all that was not truth, she had lost the priceless jewel of faith, between her mother's cant and her father's carelessness.

And her face too grew fixed as she cried out from the depths of a troubled heart "Lord, save me or I perish."

CHAPTER XVIII.

In her little room Louise sat thinking of how at last it seemed as if she were to get her due, for Arthur Kavanagh had won her case. He had been nonplussed with the proof that Louise's mother had never landed on the American side, as her sister had gone to meet her, not too willingly, and found the young wife with capriciousness born of weak health determined to take the return trip back to her husband.

For a time work was suspended when much to Kavanagh's surprise Edgar Atheling came to his assistance.

Edgar had heard of the pending case, and the necessity of finding the name of the captain of the "Bowman" which sailed on the 25th of October some twenty years ago.

When relating the story to his mother, she arose and going to a cabinet drew out an old packet of letters.

"Your father's half-brother owned a steamer of that name, and it may be he is the man," and she continued calmly knitting, only to be startled at her son's shout, "Eureka," with the newsboy's science of long ago. Her eyes grew moist as he described the poverty of this family, dwelling with unconscious feeling on the young girl who bore the heaviest share.

"Edgar, my son, I'd rather it was the quiet Philip you think so much of than the sister."

"Why, mother," and in the strong man's heart, there was a childish longing to hear his well guarded secret put into words by reverent lips.

For Edgar Atheling was hopelessly in love, and could no more fix the time when the welcome calamity befel him, than he could tell the exact moment when wakefulness merges into sleep.

It had crept on him with thrilling fierceness, meeting no obstacle in the man whose passions though strong, were held down by a stronger will.

"Edgar, I always hoped to see Zita Heatherleigh wearing your name," and in the mother's voice lay a wistfulness that told how much she longed for this marriage, for, woman-like, she saw how one would bring the prestige of society, and the other only herself.

"If there were no Louise it might be otherwise," without seeming to see the implied confidence of Zita's willingness to accept.

But 'tis the man's prerogative "of asking" which tinges his words, but woman has also a counter strength to meet him with.

With Edgar's information Kavanagh's chief clerk was soon searching for a trace of Captain Nelles, of the Roman.

In a small village near the Bay of Quinte there lived Captain Nelles. He had long ago numbered the three score and ten and yet clung to the worn thread of life.

He was a miser of the worst type in strong contrast to the open hand of those who lead a seafaring life.

At first he refused to give any information, but on the clerk hinting at remuneration, the glazed eyes sparkled with something more than the pain of stiffened joints, as he hobbled into an inner room returning with a dog-eared book.

Ah, there it was, but the old man closed it leaving one shrivilled finger as a book mark, till the golden lever that lifts open all but heaven, should be plied.

The young clerk gave him a pitying glance and placing an X snatched the book and darted out of the house.

"On the 25th of October, 1865, just as the Roman had weighed anchor word was brought the Captain that a birth had taken place," and the record went on giving the name of the mother, Louise Sheridan. The twins being christened, the Captain standing sponsor proving the names Neil and Louise.

Though not born on American soil it was within the three miles limit, and their mother and father both born American citizens. Edgar then had won the day.

So Louise sat trying to grasp the one idea riches, and her heart gave one bound at the thought of how her brothers should have all that money could buy.

How they could throw off the garment of poverty which always clung so tightly for one's love and comfort.

Myles should have all his charitable heart wished for his poor. Neil had his own share and would perhaps with its responsibility rise to meet it.

Philip need work only under himself and her little Pat, would have his life more smooth than his older brother, and everyone and everything was to be one bright panorama.

Was it the flutter of the fallen angels, that our grandmothers tell us inhabit the air, made her face darken and change into the old time shadows.

"My turn has come at last," she muttered.

Just then Myles opened the door. "What is it, little sister? You look as if contemplating a deadly thrust for some unlucky one."

"I was thinking of Clarise Hale's haughty pride humbled at last."

He half smiled, "what pleasant thoughts to have."

Up went the graceful head. "What makes you talk like that, Myles?" But you cannot understand all I have suffered," and with a choking sob over bitter memories, she dropped her face in her hands.

He stroked the bowed head with a soothing touch. "Yes, I do, Louise, understand just how a lacerated heart will smart and burn, but now that they are in your hands will you not show some mercy?"

"No, never," she cried, "they did not spare me or mine, and I will have justice to the last farthing."

"You are not the Louise I thought I knew if you do. They will be left without

a cent, and remember, child, you will be doing a moral wrong," and he passed out on his next errand of charity, leaving the good seed he had sown in spite of all resistance to its silent unction.

Soon after Louise purchased a beautiful home on St. George Street. Friends poured in with wonderful quickness, for an heiress to fifteen hundred thousand is not too plentiful, and besides "so charming, my dear."

All the guests of Souvestres remembered meeting Miss Sheridan, but something always occurred till now to prevent their calling.

Louise received them with the same quiet grace she did when the paid elocutionist, considerably discomfitting them by her frequent allusion to her hard work.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a delightful evening, and "Alloway" was all brightness of Louise.

In front of the house lay a beautiful bed of flowers and Louise as chief guest was standing laughingly pinning button hole boquets on a number of admiring swains.

On the verandah, sat Edgar Atheling in apparent conversation with George Frazer, whilst Beverleigh Romayne, leaning carelessly against a pillar, notes the frequent glances towards the flower bed, all unconscious that he too is watched.

We all have known a time of restlessness when we vainly strive to throw interest into our answers, when truant thoughts are dragging our only too willing self in another direction.

At last Edgar sauntered over when some counter attraction drew the crowd, and Beverleigh saw Louise stoop and pluck a calla lily, and after a moment's hesitation drew a shade nearer, and the sombre coat wore its lady's colors.

Beverleigh turned to answer a question of silly Mrs. Morrey, about a butterfly she had captured, and saw Zita Heatherleigh saying good-bye to her hosts.

Zita had grown up to love Mrs. Frazer and wonder at the perfect contentment of her crippled husband. She listened with curious awe to the warm interest he evinced in all the doings of the world, and yet there he lay, a man just in his prime, with little more motive power than he possessed forty years ago. Was it some inward strength supplied what nature had lost?

And as she rode through Rosedale, enjoying the evidence of a Creator in the sloping, green bank, fit chair for a Cleopatra with all her abandoned grace, stray streams with reflected drapery of slender green maples, and here and there without warning up rises a steep rock, imposing in its grandeur, yet so fashioned is the human mind, that even this slight girl exclaimed, "Oh, great spirit, whom so many proclaimed omnipotent, you are too intangable for poor mortals, for had you feelings kin to ours, why do I suffer so?"

None but the one who allows this soul to hear so bleeding a wound can understand what it is passionately longing for, and His healing comes in strange ways.

Zita had forgotten to guide her horse, and missing his step precipitated himself and rider headlong over the steep bank lying to the side.

Two workmen, passing along some hours later, found her as they thought dead; but as she lay all crushed like a broken statue her eyelids moved.

Skilful doctors worked hard to save her, but had to acknowledge their inability to find a cure for death.

As the proud mother wrung her hands begging of her child not to leave her! and whilst man of dollars and cents bowed his head where lay his little daughter, his breast heaving with a man's terrible grief, they heard her whisper, "Louise."

Gone was all empty pride, for at the loved friend entering the house, the sorrowful mother wound her arms around her as something dear to her dying child.

In the room all alone Louise sat with her hand locked in Zita's. The hot tears shutting out the white face, as she listened to the weak voice telling how she had loved Beverleigh Romayne with "that love which was her doom."

The harm was wrought before she learnt of the bar pronounced by the minister of God.

She had striven against it just as he had against his unlawful love; each deprived of the poor consolation of their being a hope if such a marriage did not exist, for Zita had seen what Louise did not, and turned from the chastening rod.

But now all was over, the scales had fallen from her eyes and though the "eleventh hour" perhaps she would be received into the Vineyard. At her request Myles administered to the dying one, the boundless comforts the church holds out to the repentant, to help them across that dark and lonely journey "from which no traveller returns."

With a smile on the sweet face for the sorrowing ones, the choice flower of society and the very pulse of her parents' hearts Zita closed her eyes in death.

CHAPTER XX.

Louise and little Pat had come to the country for a short holiday.

How fresh all is there, even the farmers' broad jokes. It seems as if the very width of the fields gives breadth to the mind, and men and women are such as the great God intended them, not hampered by form and rule, fearing to look through the right eye, lest society demanded more use of the left.

There the master and his man, the mistress and her maid meet on common basis as if they were human beings, alike coming from the one source and tending to the one end.

Louise gained health and strength after her sad vigil and though her heart was sore with the loss of her friend, she was young and the bright harvest day lured her out for a walk.

The downy clouds drifted lazily along in their inverted azure basin and Louise as she raised her eyes, did not wonder at Pluto so often chosing the heavens as a theme for a centre to weave celestial born thoughts, for even our most beautiful lower scenery can be actually touched there by destroying its ideality, but that other is a visible imagination almost realizing our conception of a Creator, giving us a thrill of intense gratitude that we were thought worthy to be even an insignificant unit in His handiwork.

As Louise walked by the roadside, she could hear the farmers gee-haw to their patient horses, mingling with the homelike rasping sound of flighty grasshoppers.

In a large field to her right she espied an immense Yorkshire bull glaring crossly over the fence.

She returned his looks fearlessly and then with a latent strain of Neil's mischievousness picked up a light stick, and commenced beating a tattoo on the fence, using her elocutionary powers in low growls.

It had its effect, for the irate animal began rooting the ground, and Louise in fancied safety redoubled her efforts, when with a tear he plunged at the fence.

She turned in a fright, and with the quickness of Pluto, was over the other fence bounding the road, before the enraged beast extricated his limbs.

But now he was making for the second defence, and he would certainly gore her to death. She could not keep jumping fences till help came, and to escape by running was impossible.

Beside her stood a stout old oak. In a twinkle she was up it, and secure in her vantage ground, watched her baffled enemy, as, after scaling the fence, he stood looking up with vengeance in his great eyes.

For a while she amused herself by making grimaces and pelting acorns, but when she saw him lie down at the foot of the tree in wait, she became terror-stricken as the bright summer day began to dim and no help near.

What if she had to remain up in the tree all night by a lonely country road? And worse still, if sleep should overcome her even for one moment and so lose her balance?

The last rays of the setting sun were looking on the cramped up figure in its aerial position as if loth to leave it, when there came the faint sound as of the bark of a dog, nearer and nearer it came, the beating of her heart almost preventing the hearing of the welcome sound.

Then there floated on the stillness, human voices, but so distant Louise could not tell if they were not of her own creation.

Again she listened with strained nerves, almost falling off her perch as she recognized good old Pluto's deep bay.

I like the famous American lecturer who "would not be sorry if he met his faithful dog in the other world," despite the irreverent incongruity of the remark.

Pluto had run on ahead, heedless of the two men who tried to keep him close. Was it instinct made him when near his mistress's old fort wait for the familiar call: "Pluto, Pluto," and with a mighty spring land on the couchant animal.

The unexpected noise made the two men hasten.

"Pluto, old boy, what have you there?"

"Oh! Mr. Atheling, I am so glad you have come," came in weak, pitiful tones.

"Good heavens, Louise," and the excited young man was near getting his death, in his eagerness to reach Louise, but his friend pulled him back.

"Take care, Atheling, or that brute will have you under his feet. Be patient for a moment and Pluto will lure him off, and you came to liberate Miss Sheridan," for it was John Morrey who was speaking in his stern logical voice.

The intelligent dog, as if understanding, kept worrying till the frantic beast tore off in an opposite direction, just as Louise sunk trembling into a pair of outstretched arms.

"My darling," Edgar hoarsely whispered, and there under cover of the quiet country fields their lips met in a lover's mystical kiss.

CHAPTER XXI.

We all know the sequence of an engagement.

Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Morrey taking possession of Louise gave orders for a stupendous wedding. The young girl was rather shy over it, preferring a simple one, but they over ruled her, as too winsome to be passed quietly by, and besides she must do justice to being the wealthiest maiden in all Toronto.

The night before the wedding came and all the old time friends were gathered at "Alloway."

The groom-elect trying hard to not seem out of his normal condition, but the steel blue eyes would persist in softening as they rested on a slight figure with a flush on the delicate face, a tender smile playing round the sensitive mouth as she sat beside Neil with little Pat on her knee.

Beverleigh Romayne was to start the next day with Neil for a trip to the Holy Land. He said he needed a change and would like the lad for company.

Louise was pleased as she thought of her twin brother under Beverleigh Romayne's discipline and she thanked him with the old smile that made him wince.

Just then the servant threw open the door announcing, "Mrs. O'Kelly and child," and Beverleigh turning saw the wife he had not seen for seventeen years.

All his grand languor vanished, and the blood of those in the room ran cold, as they saw his face as he strode forward,

"What means this intrusion, Madam?"

Her eyes returned a malignant answer, turning to Louise asked, "are you Miss Sheridan?"

"Yes."

"Where is your twin brother Neil?"

"Present," answered the owner as he stepped forward.

"Indeed, sir, I have come to claim my property as widow of the late Nicholas O'Kelly and mother of his child," rang out in hard metallic tones.

Louise's face paled, and she would have fallen but for Edgar Atheling's strong arm, as Beverleigh answered.

"Woman, you lie, you are my wife and none other."

She laughed her hyena laugh. "I was, I am not now. Did you not receive the papers of divorce I secured in California?"

"Yes; but I do not recognize them. I did not think you were so fond of the yoke, as not to profit by the dissolution and so win your pretty one," she returned, casting an only too meaning glance at Louise.

Edgar Atheling was beside her in a flash.

"If you were not a woman, and once were Beverleigh Romayne's name I would make you eat your words."

But Louise's hand was on his arm. "Hush, Edgar, may be the woman is in the right. Let Arthur Kavanagh judge her story."

And whilst they stood around too excited to be seated, little Pat toddled over and made friends with the little would-be relation whom Beverleigh was watching with feelings too subtle to be analyzed. Turning his face where afar off could be seen the dim outline of Mount Pleasant Cemetery, he thought of another graveyard where lay two, whose unwise work was doing more harm to-night than seventeen years ago, by injuring the woman more dear to him than his own happiness.

After Beverleigh had returned to bury his father, and made no sign but went on enjoying life, his wife left the country, and finally settled in Oakville, California, where she met Nicholas O'Kelly, and by a strange fatality they were married, having first procured a divorce.

Nicholas had gone on a trip into the Black Hills, and, as we know, was murdered by the Indians.

His wife, on hearing the news, followed with her child to see if it were true.

After three days' travelling, the party got off their bearings and died of starvation, except the mother and child, who were saved from death to be taken prisoners by a tribe of Indians, and there held for nine years, when some mounted soldiers released them.

On her return to Oakville she found that the two sisters of her dead husband had claimed his great wealth, there being no account of his marriage.

Just on the day when all was ready for herself and child to get their own, Louise had won her case in Canada, and the property had changed hands.

But hers was an indomitable masculine nature that never flinched, and she set out for Toronto after again setting the powerful wheel of the law in motion.

Arriving in the city, Mrs. O'Kelly made enquiries about the family now enjoying the shuttle-cock fortune, and also about the fortune of long ago, with strange inconsistency, pushing away the puny boy who bore the name O'Kelly, and again drawing him fiercely to her as dark thoughts of the past surged over the hardened heart.

She found that all she wanted to meet were centered in the one house, and the satisfaction of a "woman scorned," was hers when she dealt the double blow in striking Louise, for, like gentle Zita, she saw at once Beverleigh's hidden passion.

Her story was told and Edgar, opening the door, bid her leave, saying that before to-morrow night her ill-gotten wealth would be hers, as his promised bride deserved comfort now by the strong, clean hand of her husband.

[THE END.]

Hints for Making Presents.

The arrival of the busy Christmas season usually finds almost every one with an accumulation of unfinished presents on hand, things that must be finished, too often at the expense of sleep, or else others bought as substitutes; and with this hurry invariably comes the determination to "begin earlier next year." But the months roll by, the resolution is forgotten, and the same unfinished accumulation stares one in the face at the last moment.

A good plan is to make a memorandum of any new thing you see and may want to copy, and when you find yourself with leisure time, during the summer months, consult your memorandum, and make one thing at a time. You will find use for all you make, and Christmas giving will not be the task you have usually found it.

For a gentleman, quite a pretty and useful present for Christmas or birthdays may be made of the little, transparent drawing-slates, which can be found at all toy stores.

Get one of these about 4½x5½ inches in size, the frame rather wide, and with tin metal corner-pieces if you can. Take out the pictures, and in place of these cut a piece of heavy writing paper to fit. On this print with pen and ink a gentleman's complete laundry list, leaving a wide margin to the left of the list.

Gild the frame by using two coats of liquid gold. In the top of the frame put a little brass ring and screw, such as are used on window shades, by which to hang it up. Draw a yard of very narrow ribbon through this ring and tie it leaving one end a little longer than the other. To one end attach a small piece of fine sponge, and to the other one of the tiny lead pencils with a ring in the top, such as are used on programmes, first gilding it to match the frame.

Make a pretty bow of ribbon about one and a half inches wide, and fasten this on the upper left-hand corner of the frame, using a small tack. Now insert your list under the glass, leaving the rough surface of the glass up, and you will be pleased with the effect.

These are very pretty if some graceful floral design be painted on the natural color of the wood, and then a coat of white varnish given it.

You might also add another use for it by inserting a card with 'Memorandum' or 'Engagement' printed on it, so that the recipient may use it for whichever purpose he chooses.

A dainty spectacle case, suitable for young or old, may be made at very small cost.

Get three-quarters of a yard of ribbon three and a half inches wide. Fringe on end about an inch, then fold a tuck two inches deep, so that the edge will just meet the fringed part. Overcast very neatly the three edges of the ribbon together, leaving the folded edge and the top of the tuck free, so that it forms a pocket. Now make another one just above this, leaving a space of about an inch between the two. Cut two pieces of bolting cloth the size of the pockets, and on one paint an owl's head in the shades of golden brown, and on the other a pair of spectacle frames in gold. Baste these on the pockets—the owl's heads on the top pocket—finish the edges with bronze and gold tinsel cord.

Old Gentleman—"You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia?"

Julia—"Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?"

Old Gentleman—"I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. He has only been here six times this week so far."—[Boston Herald.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHION.

WHAT WILL BE WORN THIS FALL.

Probably the most welcome news to merchants is, that this is to be a "trimming season." While the styles of making garments are rather of a plain order, the dress or cloak must be elaborately garnitured. Certainly most attractive goods are offered for this purpose, as will be found upon reading "Trimmings," in which the jeweled passementeries and other novelties are described. As the season advances, fur will be lavishly used in the black, brown, and gray varieties. Boas, capes, and close-fitting jackets are the especial fads in the fur line. Long cloaks have the high, flared collar or boa roll of fur; jackets and shoulder capes, short, and below the waist, have the inevitable high sleeve, yoke, and Medici collar features.

Sleeves must be larger, and are generally of a second fabric; many are excessively long, coming really over the hand, but this cannot be called a general fashion. The flared collars also appear on basques, as do yokes, pointed girdles, corselets, V's, round and shaped belts. Skirts may be lifted up to fit over the bodice, giving a round-waisted appearance, with the fullness corded at the top in place of sewing it to a band. Basques are opened diagonally down the left side, centre front, and some have no visible opening, though the supposition is that there is one somewhere. Plaids, large and small checks, plain and figured goods in combination, silk brocades, heliotrope, blue, and brown shades are all fairly launched for this season's opening in September. Velvet may be used with a profuse hand. In millinery goods velvet effects abound in stripes and figures. Hats may be very large or coquettishly small, with clusters of tips, small birds, many fancy pins and galloons for the trimming. Cut plaids on the bias and put silk or velvet sleeves with them. Fur capes are put on with light dresses when the first chilly days come.

Before the time comes for fall shopping and dressmaking, one can wear various net, lace, and silk skirts with a lace bodice over black surah, selecting the black Louis Quatorze lace in raised figures outlined in gold. Another luxury for mid-season is a white crepon tea-gown lined with white surah, and trimmed with black embroidery laid over white puffings of chiffon, peeping in between the points of the embroidery. A belt of this keeps the soft folds of the bodice in place, and over them is a rolled collar of embroidery.

A lovely evening gown for a brunette is of a deep yellow tone in a rich brocade; the front is veiled with white lisse, on which is embroidered a double lattice-work in the dull orange color; each side of the skirt is arranged in a fashion of its own, and the iridescent trimming is caught up with diamond buckles; the sleeves are three-quarter length, with an over-sleeve of embroidery and lisse. The bodice is trimmed back and front in a V form, outlined with the galloon, the shimmering of which contrasts admirably with the deep yellow. Black silk and lace costumes are lit up in a wonderful manner with gold galloon or jeweled passementerie. The gilt-worked lace for gowns forms a draped front and full sleeves, with the remainder of plain Brussels net or lace skirting.

Pleatings are worn all around skirts, also in clusters of knife pleatings across the front only, as a trimming, and as a jabot panel down one or both sides. A quaint yoke is finished with a knife-pleated frill of surah the shade of the dress, which is also used for the collar and cuffs. These frills appear quite prominently on home dresses of an "old-time" fashion. The heliotrope shades have more of a purplish cast now, and will not prove so ruinous to the generality of complexions. Let brunettes beware of the new bluett blue, which is of a greenish cast like a turquoise.

Silk blouses can be worn until cold weather. Quite the dressiest are of surah or China silk, with the edges of the cuffs, collar, and box-pleat down the front scalloped and worked in wash silks. These waists are laundried well by using care in the washing, ironing on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, and not lining them. Flannel waists are more stylishly made with a yoke in the back like a skirt. Bright waists of tartan surah are worn in the house with woolen skirts. Some China silk waists are shaped around the neck and waist-line, wrists and top of the sleeves with rows of shirring. With a couple of waists and black silk skirt one may present several changes of costume.

The earliest fall dresses show sleeves, yoke, and border of velvet, with silk gimp garniture and dress of faint lines, self plaids or plain goods. Jacket effects remain in good form, and one sleeveless velvet jacket may be worn with different silk blouses or a silk front, collar and sleeves, having a silesia back. Women having pretty necks will adopt the Servian vest of black cloth having a short back, pointed front, and low, collarless neck, with silk, braid, and bead embroidery covering the surface, and large red surah sleeves. With a black silk skirt this will prove a striking toilette for house wear.

Dressy gowns of black and white for mourning wear have scalloped edges bound with white braid. Bodice waists or corselets like the skirt are worn, with blouse waists of plain or figured silk. Fan-pleated backs are very fashionable for skirts. Many skirts are fastened up over the bodice in the back to give the appearance of a princesse dress. Modistes claim that the handsomest fitting skirt is obtained by cutting the outside material bias, laying the back in fan-pleats, either side in one box-pleat, and having the front plain over a lining of the usual shape cut two yards and three-quarters wide. Where the skirt is pleated a lining of crinoline is required.

The long coat, known as the ever-elegant Louis Quatorze, is again brought out to wear with odd silk skirts. The chief features are the large cuffs, high collar, outside pockets, and long vest having divergent points of handsome brocade or tinsel worked satin. A lace jabot is worn at the throat. The coat basque of plain silk is long, has a round back, and cutaway fronts fitted with Newmarket or cross-hip seams. The sleeves are coat-shaped and a trifle full at the top.

Profession and Length of Life.

The average life of a clerk is but 34 years, and this is also the average among teachers. Machinists are outlived by printers, the average of the former being but 38 years, while that of the latter is 39. Musicians live a year longer. The years of life of an editor are 40, and of manufacturers, brokers, painters, shoemakers, and mechanics, 43. Judges live to be 65 years of age on an average, and farmers to be 64. Bank officers also live to be 64 on an average. The duration of life of coopers is 58, of public officers 57, of clergymen 56, of shipwrights 55, of hatters 54, of lawyers and ropemakers 51, of blacksmiths 51, of merchants, calico printers, and physicians 51, of butchers 50, of carpenters 59, of masons 48, of traders 46, of tailors and jewellers 44.

Sometimes.

Sometimes, not often, when the days are long,
And golden lie the fields of ripening grain,
Like cadence of some half-forgotten song,
There sweeps a memory across my brain;
I hear the land-rail far among the grass,
The drowsy murmur of the scented limes,
I watch the radiant butterflies that pass,
And I am sad and sick at heart Sometimes.

Sometimes when royal Winter holds his sway,
When every cloud is swept from azure skies,
And frozen pool and lighted hearth are gay
With laughing lips and still more laughing eyes,
From far-off days an echo wanders by,
And makes a discord in the Christmas chimes;
A moment in the dance or talk I sigh,
And seem half lonely in the crowd Sometimes

Not often, nor for long: O friend, dear friend,
We were not lent our lives that we might weep.
The flower-crowned May of earth hath soon an end;
Should we a longer sojourn keep:
Comes all too soon the time of fading leaves:
Come are the cold, short days. We must arise and go our way
And garner home our sheaves,
Though some fair, fain regret may cloud our eyes, Sometimes.

Sometimes I see a light almost divine,
In meeting eyes of two that now are one;
Impatient of the tears that rise to mine,
I turn away to seek some task undone:
There dawns a look upon some stranger face,
I think how like, and yet how far less fair;
And look, and look again, and seek to trace
A moment more your fancied likeness there Sometimes.

O, sad, sweet thought: O, foolish, vain regret,
As wise it were what time June roses blow,
To weep because the first blue violet
We found in Spring had faded long ago.
O love, my love, if yet by song of bird,
By flower-scent, by some sad poet's rhyme,
My heart, that fain would be at peace is stirred
Am I to blame that st ll I sigh *Sometimes*.

And Sometimes know a pang of pain
That while I walk all lonely, other eyes
May haply smile to yours that smile again
Beneath the sun and stars of Southern climes.
The Past, is past, but is it sin if yet
I, who in calm content would seek to dwell,
Who will not grieve, yet cannot quite forget,
Still send a thought to you and wish you well
Sometimes?

The Two Mysteries.

"In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, My dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't either.'"

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep
and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may
call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart-pain,
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in
it again:
We know not to what other sphere the loved
who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we
do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead, if they
should come this day,
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one
of us could say,
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and
see.

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and
blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us beloved! though we
may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of
death—
Ye cannot tell us if ye would the mystery of
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead:
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Cupid Sleeping.

(From the Greek of Plato.)

Through a shady forest going,
Found we cupid, all alone,
And his cheeks, so smoothly glowing,
Like to golden apples shone.

He had not his quiver by him,
Nor his bow, well-bent and strung,
But we soon espied them nigh him
Midst the leafy branches hung.

Chains of sleep his limbs encumbered,
While among the flowers he lay,
Smiling, even when he slumbered,
In his cruel, roguish way.

Swarms of tawny bees came flying
All about his waxen lip—
Often thus one sees them trying
Flowers, that with honey drip!

—GEORGE HORTON.

Long lace scarfs are selling again for sashes, shoulder-scarfs, evening hoods, etc.

The Care of the Hands.

Probably there is no one thing that makes girls shrink from housework more than the effect it has on the hands, especially in cold weather. It is a real trial to sit down to the piano and spread a stained, rough hand on the ivory keys; or to take one's pen in an unsightly hand to answer a letter; or to pick up a bit of embroidery, if it is only that on perforated hose, and use the needle when everything that touches the hands sticks to them because of their roughness. Sewing on woollen or silk is at such times a severe penance. There are methods of preserving the hands measurably against the destructive effect of dishwashing, scrubbing, and the like. They should be kept as much out of the water as possible, and when the work is done they should be washed clean and rubbed dry. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oatmeal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly-scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but it must not touch an abraded surface. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Cocoa-nut oil is a pleasant application. Wearing kid gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in, and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linseed oil they become waterproof, and may be worn while washing dishes. A pair of canton flannel mittens is pleasant to wear when hanging out the clothes on a cold morning. Frequent vigorous rubbing of the hands will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition. To take the best care of the nails, soak the ends of the fingers in hot water for some time, until the skin is softened, then dry, and with a pair of nail scissors thin off all the dead skin about the nails and trim the nails neatly.

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Money Talks, Though.

A.—I learn that Mr. Dumbman, the deaf mute, is very rich.

B.—Yes, I knew that.

But I got a different impression from what you said about him.

How so?

You said he had no money to speak of.

Well, did you ever hear him speak of it?

A Moonlight Sonata.

Young man (with young lady on his arm) —"Can you tell me the way to Maple street, sir?"

"Young lady—"And please, sir, will you tell us the longest way, around, because we are in no hurry at all, sir."

DINING ROOM.

An Afternoon Wedding and Supper.

It has been truthfully said that "there are two important events in every one's life, when they are born and when they die." For many, there is a third event that seems equally as important—marriage. It is said that "marriages are made in Heaven," but many of them could more appropriately be claimed by the "other place." Perhaps this would not be so were not so many of them entered into with a laugh and a jest, and the thought, "if I don't like it I can get a divorce."

But while I am prosing, my young couple are waiting. They had decided after mature deliberation, with economy and good management, they could both live on but little more than his board was costing. He had a cosy little home in a country village, a few hundred miles distant, and a salary of six hundred a year. She had nothing but the little earned with her own hands at dressmaking, but both had good health and the determination to make the best of life. The wedding was given by the bride's sister, at her home; a prettily arranged house, with a small hall, double parlors, a sleeping-room opening with folding doors at one side of the back parlor, and a large dining-room and kitchen in one. The invitations were written by the bride, on plain, heavy cream-tinted note paper, using the regular formula, and were sent out in the host's and hostess's name.

As the guests arrived they were shown into one of the up-stairs rooms, where they left their wraps. The host and hostess received their guests at the parlor door, and after giving them a cordial welcome ushered them into the back parlor to await the coming of the bridal party. At the appointed hour, two p. m., the bride and groom arrived, the groom dressed in the conventional suit of black coat with vest to match, striped or gray trousers, and white lawn neck-tie—the bride in a travelling suit of gray cloth of light quality, made with a basque showing a full front of the cloth with velvet revers, edged with silver cord. The plain skirt was caught high on the left side, showing deep points of velvet, edged with cord. Neither wore gloves; and the bride carried no flowers.

My bride and groom have been waiting all this time in the hall, and we now see them enter the front parlor and advance to the double doors where they remained standing under the draped portieres. The minister met them there and pronounced the words that made them "man and wife." After the ceremony, the bride and groom stepped back into the front parlor, and while they were receiving congratulations, the hostess and her two young lady assistants arranged a number of little tables in the back parlor; each table was covered with a plain, white hem-stitched towel, and at each place was a napkin, knife, two forks, two spoons, a butter-dish with a little butter patty, and a glass of water. On the napkin lay a button-hole bouquet, tied with white satin ribbon and having a pin attached. The guests were invited out to the tables; and after grace the supper was served in the following manner: Plater with a large spoonful of scalloped potatoes were first passed; then pressed chicken, cut in slices and arranged on a large platter garnished with parsley; after this thin slices of white and brown bread, on a plate covered with a pretty doily. This was followed by a platter of cold boiled ham, garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs, and with this was passed little cucumber pickles and olives; then came salmon salad served on a lettuce leaf. Over a saucer lay a large lettuce leaf, then the salad.

The plates, butter-dishes, soiled knives and forks were removed, and ice cream and cake served. The ice cream was served in saucers garnished with strawberries, the saucers set on plates with little doilies between. As the doilies are to be slipped aside with the saucers they give the tables a pretty appearance, and leave the plates for cake. With the cream was passed cocoanut cake, kisses, and lady's fingers. The last course was coffee and the bride's cake; the coffee poured over rich cream in little cups, and passed on a server with a bowl of loaf sugar. The cake was first presented to the bride to be cut, then passed to the guests.

After supper a few pleasant moments were spent in looking at the presents, which were tastefully arranged in the sleeping room. I will mention only one, a remembrance from a young lady friend. It was a set of six tablemats, made of Irish linen and worked with white embroidery silk; the largest one was a carving cloth, a yard long, and one-half yard wide, finished with hem-stitching and a narrow border of drawn-work; inside of this was a deep border, running to a point at the corners, of interlacing rings, (the size of a silver half-dollar) and outlined with the embroidery silk, then filled in with fancy stitches. The other five were made and finished the same; two of them were ten inches square, and designed for bread or cake plates; the remaining three were seven inches square, and to be used for doilies.

Shortly after, the bride and groom departed for their new home, followed by showers of rice, slippers, and other equally as appropriate articles, and with the wishes of all that their bright anticipations for the future might be fully realized. As the guests bade the host and hostess good-by, they were each presented with a package of wedding cake, neatly done up in square sheets of tissue paper, and tied together at the corners with narrow white satin ribbon. With the closing of the door, we also will bid our hostess good-day, and tell how the dishes were prepared.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Select firm, medium-sized potatoes; wash, pare, and cut in thin slices. In an earthen baking-dish place a layer of the sliced potatoes; sprinkle lightly with salt, pepper, little chunks of butter, and a very little flour, then another layer of potatoes; and so on until the dish is full to within an inch of the top. Fill the dish with sweet milk to within one-half inch of the top; cover, and set in the oven to bake. It will require two, three, or four hours, according to the size of dish filled. One-half cupful of chicken or beef broth, mixed with the milk is considered an improvement by many. Serve warm.

PRESSED CHICKEN.

Use plump, young chickens; allow one and a half pints of cold, salted water for each chicken, let come to a boil gradually, then boil fast until the meat will fall from the bones, and the liquor is reduced to less than half; while boiling the liquor should be skimmed several times. Chop the meat fine, first removing the bones and skin; strain the liquor through a cloth; season the meat and liquor well with salt and pepper, (chopped celery or celery salt may be used if the flavor is liked) and press firmly into an earthen mold; set away to cool with a heavy plate over it.

BOILED HAM.

For a small company, get seven or eight pounds with the bone, have it cut from the center of the ham, and in as large and compact a form as possible; put over to boil in cold water, letting it come to a boil slowly, and skim often while boiling; when done remove from the stove, and let stand over night, or until perfectly cold, in the liquor in which it was boiled. Trim off all the superfluous fat before slicing. If home-cured ham is used, let stand in luke-warm water for an hour and a half, then put in cold water, and boil. Many think a few spices boiled with the ham give it a desirable flavor.

SALMON SALAD.

Four hard-boiled eggs, cut in small cubes; several crisp, fresh lettuce leaves torn in pieces, and a can of salmon; put all in a large earthen dish; just before serving, pour over it the following dressing and mix lightly with a fork: One-half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of sweet cream, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful mustard and black pepper, pinch of cayenne, a little sugar and salt; beat the eggs light, mix all together, leaving out the cream; put into a bowl over boiling water and stir until it becomes like cream; use when cold, and stir the cream in just before using.

COCOANUT CAKE.

One and one-half cupfuls of white sugar beaten to a cream with one-half cupful of butter, add a scant two-thirds cupful of sweet milk, mix in lightly two cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of cream-tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda, or two teaspoonfuls baking powder, the well-beaten whites of three eggs; bake in three layers. Filling: Make a frosting with the white of one egg and a small cup of sugar; reserve one-third of the frosting, and stir the rest thick with cocoanut; place between the layers; spread the reserved frosting on the top of last layer, and sprinkle lightly with cocoanut; fresh grated cocoanut is preferable.

KISSES.

The well-beaten whites of two eggs and one-half cupful of white sugar; beat until it will stand in peaks; drop on buttered paper (writing paper is best) and bake in a quick oven until a delicate brown; for a change, use hickory nut meats or blanched almonds chopped fine, mixed in while beating.

LADY'S-FINGERS.

Mix one-half pound of powdered sugar, one-fourth pound of flour, four eggs (yolks and whites separate) beaten very stiff; one lemon, all the juice, and half the grated rind. Beat well; drop a small spoonful on buttered paper, not too near together; try one, and if it runs beat the mixture some minutes longer, adding a very little flour. Bake until a delicate yellow; brown in a very quick oven. When nearly cool dip them in a chocolate icing; use a boiled frosting, and after the syrup is poured over the well-beaten white of an egg, add three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; whip until well mixed.

BRIDE'S CAKE.

Whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of flour, one small teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; add the sugar, flour, and flavoring. The sugar must be sifted once before using, and the flour four times, adding the cream tartar before sifting the last time. Bake in a very slow oven without buttering the tin; when done, turn the tin upside down, resting the corners on something so that the air can reach it while cooling. Icing: boil one cup of powdered sugar with one tablespoonful of water until it will thread from a spoon or broom splinter, (do not stir while cooking) pour it gradually over the well-beaten white of one egg and beat, not stir, until it will spread without running. The ice cream should be ordered from some reliable caterer, or else made by one who has had experience; as the best recipes often fail when tried for the first time, especially on such momentous occasions. Neither is it necessary to give recipes for coffee, white or brown bread, as many good ones have already been given in the LADIES' JOURNAL.

The Petticoat Must Go.

The newest thing in petticoats is no petticoat at all. This assertion may tax credulity, but it is a fact, a fashionable fact perhaps, but nevertheless a fact. It is hard to believe that woman would ever outlive her love for the fine cambric skirts with their cluster tucks, open insertions and Swiss embroidered ruffles, but she has, and, more than that, she scorns the lace-edged French skirt and would not give 30 cents for the finest convent-made flannel skirt in stock. At first it seemed positively shocking to lay aside that most feminine and really beautiful garment, but the fashionable modiste began the crusade, declared that she could not fit the dress nicely over the gathered cotton underwear and ordered it off. The tyrant was obeyed, but not surprised, for did she not eliminate the narrow-skirted, round-shouldered chemise and the lozenge-shaped corset cover?

It is not betrayal of confidence to say that this onslaught of underwear had its origin on the stage. No society actress or artist goes through a part in the regulation underwear for the reason that her freedom would be restricted. She could not get around in ruffled dimity, nor deport herself with any sort of grace in starched cambric. The dressmaker who fits a stage dress over stays, stockings and tights very soon learns how superior the result is compared to the gown made over gathers, strings, bands or yokes. One is perfectly smooth, the other cannot be kept from wrinkling. It has come to a point now when the modiste will refuse to fit a skirt over a petticoat, and that ends all argument. She does not presume to say that madame shall not wear what she likes, but "I will not try to fit you unless you dress as I indicate. When the costume is finished, you may do with it what you please."

Skirts hang better and bodices fit nicer the less there is under them, and in warm weather when the dress is made over a lining there is really no necessity for underskirts. With the tailor-made suit silk lined, there is sufficient warmth for cool weather and a long ulster as a finish will suffice on cold days. This new arrangement is an advance in the right direction. Women need fewer clothes for house wear and more wraps or outer garments for the street.

This desire for smoothly fitting skirts and creaseless basques means rebellion against the baggy, divided skirts, which will never be adopted by women who follow the styles.

In England, I am told, there are only four phonographs, including the one in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley; but they manage things better than this in such places as Mexico. There a phonograph is to be placed in each principal post office, and those people who can neither read nor write, or are too lazy to do so, simply deliver their message into the phonograph, the cylinder is forwarded to its destination, and due notice having been given him that his presence is required, the receiver of the message attends the office at the other end, and the words are spoken off to him. I dare say, if all goes well, we may start the same convenience in England about 1900 A. D.

O, Why Should the Tpirit of Mortal Be Proud?

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a swift-flying cloud
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade
Be scatter'd around, and together be laid:
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre had worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes even those we behold
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been:
We see the same sights our fathers have seen:
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they, too, would cling;
But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but that story we cannot unfold;
They scorn'd but the heart of the haughty is cold:
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joy'd, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they meet on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A Plucky Woman.

The last Australian mail brings a true tale of the sea that reads more like a romance of Clark Russell's. On April 3 the schooner Johanne left Mauritius for Melbourne with a cargo of sugar. Two days after sailing fever broke out, and by the 10th of June all the seamen and the cook were dead. Captain Mainders, worn by anxieties and long vigils was next stricken down by the fever, and nobody was left to navigate the ship but the mate and the captain's wife. Mrs. Mainders showed a pluck and a heroism in this trying situation that is beyond all praise. She was always at hand to help the mate in navigating the vessel, and besides, she attended assiduously to her child and her sick husband. At last, on the 9th of June, this strangely-manned vessel, flying signals of distress, arrived at Fremantle, a West Australian port, was boarded by pilots and brought safely to anchor. At latest the captain was still alive, but very ill. To add to the horrors of the voyage the vessel sprang a leak, and 520 bags of sugar had to be thrown overboard to lighten her.

Shortcard Pete—"Well, you are—all—right. The idee of pickin' that feller up for a farmer. Why, he's lived here in the city for twenty-five years."

Highcard Sam—"Well, what's he doin' with hayseed in his hair, if he ain't no farmer?"

Shortcard Pete—"Why, he's runnin' for office, you chump. That's what he's doin wit' hayseed in his hair. See?"

MOTHER'S HOUR.

Be Ye Reconciled.

Within a beautiful cradle,
  Cushioned and curtained with lace,
Like a pure, white rose of summer,
  Lay a sweet little baby face.
The mother, in silken toilet,
  Knelt by the tiny bed,
Kissing the stiffened fingers,
  And these are the words she said:

"God! you have taken my darling,
  Away from my loving care,
While many a pauper's dwelling
  Has half a dozen to spare.
I, who have money in plenty
  To dress her in cloth of gold,
Must sit with my fond arms empty,
  And aching my baby to hold!

"Oh, hush! they are coming, coming!
  They are bringing her strange little bed!
Who is it say - that the woman
  Is blessed who has one child dead?
Call Him a Father of Mercy?
  Never! I needed the child
More than the Lord needed angels!"
  And her words rang out piercingly wild.

To a humble, little cottage,
  Where the walls were bare and white,
Came a heavenly guest; came softly
  In the solemn hush of night,
And the tiny, home-made cradle
  Ceased its rocking to and fro;
For the little one, no longer
  Needed songs sung, soft and low.

And the mother, pale with anguish,
  Knelt beside the little bed,
Kissed the waxen fingers softly,
  As she slowly, faintly, said:
"Never more again, my darling,
  Will you suffer want or pain;
Woman's woes can never reach you,
  Or the pain of death, again!

"God in loving mercy took her,
  For he loved the little child.
Oh, my little snow-white blossom,
  Sinless, pure and undefiled!
Love, 'tis well to bear it bravely
  (Clasping close the father's hand);
Now, dear, there is some one waiting
  For us, in the better land."

And the husband clasped her closely,
  Kissed the little death-cold face,
Drew the faded patchwork blanket
  Over it, with tender grace,
"She was all we had! God gave her!"
Whispering in his gentle way,
  "God in tender mercy took her!
God knows best! Love, let us pray."

LESLIE GRISWOLD.

Infant Education.

The mother should be an educator: the germ of mind is in her hands. We send our children to professional teachers to be instructed in the other essential branches of education, but infinitely higher rates demand the mother's study.

The child's mind, which the mother is presumed to know in all its future development is before her in its feeblest manifestations; manifestations which she can recognize, mould, and direct aright, to the incalculable good of the individual and society; or leave undirected to all the chances of incalculable evil.

Her position is not merely important, it is awful, and she is is unfit to occupy it whom it fails so to impress. The mother's work as an educator begins almost with her child's birth. An able writer, has said "that the future man may have been made or marred, according as the first two years of his life have been devoted."

We will presume that the mother is fully instructed in infant treatment, and has fully abjured all the mischievous absurdities which peril infant health, and multiply infant graves. She knows the gradual development of the human faculties; she watches with intense interest the first budding of her child's mind; she occupies its waking moments. This latter has two important results; it exercises and thereby improves the incessant importunity of the animal feelings, lessening thereby their intensity, and laying the foundation of virtuous habits.

Animalism is pre-eminently present in the child, for the wisest ends. Unqualified selfishness, in the matter of food is essential to the infant's life; but even a babe may play the glutton, and form a habit which will unfavorably characterize the adult.

Next to the natural instinct for food, come the combative and destructive elments of the child's nature. It now begins to show temper and often violent passion: at no later period of life will the effect of these make so deep an impression as on the plastic infant mind. The habit of irascibility may now be formed, to become more and more defiant of control, till its strenght in after life may endanger domestic and public peace, break out in acts of violence, or terminate in dangerous insanity.

The wise mother knows all this, and closely watches each incipient sign. Then will her powers to divert be called for; every paroxysm of temper which she succeeds in averting will be so much gained toward the moderation of that faculty's activity till she has succeeded in forming a character of patience and gentleness, compared with what would have resulted from leaving the combative and destructive instincts to their own wild way.

A mother's powers of diversion should never fail her. As with passion, so with obstinacy; she must divert the infant from exciting causes, and never contend with it. At the first sympton of selfishness, a child's mind must be diverted into another channel, it must be constantly taught kindness to animals, protection to insects, acts of affection to other children, etc.

Cruelty in Children.

No boy should ever be turned loose upon this world, so full of animals which are keenly susceptible of suffering, who does not realize that they can feel physical pain as keenly as he does, and who has not been taught to kill speedily and mercifully whatever it is his duty to kill, and to avoid giving unnecessary pain in all cases. When I looked from my window the other day and saw my neighbor's boy stoning birds, wounding one in the leg, another in the wing, and, thus disabled, hobbling them one by one just out of the cat's claws, only allowing her to fix a sharp set of teeth or claws upon it now and then, and snatching it hurriedly away lest she put an end to its torture and their "fun," I did wish I could take them by the heels and hold them over a populous lion's den or chain them up in a tiger's cage just long enough for them to get an inkling of how extremely "funny" and enjoyable it really was. Surely, if ever there was a case calling for a literal and strict adoption of that system whose foundation principle is "Simila similibus curantur"—"like things are cured by like"—this is the one; only I should not administer it in homeopathic doses!

All the time that boy's mother was passing in and out and could not have been other than wilfully blind or utterly indifferent. She excuses herself by saying that she has to correct her children for so many things that when they are "amusing themselves and doing no harm" she will leave them alone; but you must understand that it would be considered quite inexcusable if they were to tear their clothes or bring an ounce of dirt into the house. I maintain that she should correct this tendency in them though they went unrestrained in every other.

She owes it to every man, woman, child and living thing that her boy will ever have to deal with to teach him to deal justly and reasonably, and never to inflict pain for his own convenience or pleasure: that a love for such pleasure or indifference to cruelty marks only the bully, the born or trained tyrant, and is utterly impossible to a gentlemen; that "the bravest are the tenderest, the gentle are the daring;" and that nerves of steel and hands that can firmly and unhesitatingly strike a death blow are only admirable when used for errands of mercy, to strike the deathblow as swiftly and painlessly as possible, to wound only that good may come from it.

If children have no feeling, teach them to use reason. I see them on the streets pelting a dog with stones, and laughing at the howl and jump he gives when a well-aimed stone from the young savage, securely perched on a gate-post or behind a dog-proof fence, strikes him as he is quietly and harmlessly pursuing his way on the street.

How many boys feel it a duty to pitch-fork every stray cat that ventures near, or to set the dog on it and help him to chase and worry it until the one little animal on the one side is outwitted or overcome by the combined force of her brutal enemies, and falls into their unmerciful hands to be teased and tortured as long as a breath of life is left in her trembling body. Possibly the father has stood by laughing at the whole affair, and encouraging both boys and dogs by frequent exclamations of "There she goes! This way boys! Sic' 'em Rove!" And when the family gathers around the tea-table or evening fire, they gleefully talk it over, their mother offering no word of reproof, condemnation, or pity for the abused creature. No endeavor is made to bring the boys to see how keen was the fear and anxiety of the poor thing as it dodged here and there, or how utterly unnecessary and cruel, how savage and inhuman was the prolonged dying misery, when a single swift, sure blow could have ended all its pain.

How many boys are allowed to set traps for rats or gophers, but never instructed to put an end to these forfeited lives as soon as possible. It is taken for granted that because these animals are annoying or destructive they are therefore legitimate subjects of torture, and the unwise and indifferent parent allows the growing child to practice upon these captives all the cruelties he can think of, until the child is so hardened to the sight of pain that he actually enjoys seeing and inflicting it; but remember it is but one step from seeking pleasure in tormenting dumb creatures to finding an equal or greater in making humanity miserable when it is equally helpless and without power to strike back, as in case of women and children. The boy is allowed to take the rat or gopher from the trap and turn it over, with its one or two broken and bleeding limbs, to the no more cruel cat or dog to be teased or worried to death, the child meantime standing by with no apparent thought of pity and laughing at the poor victim's attempts to run on its swollen and broken limbs.

Have not you all seen this? Do you think I am making "much ado about nothing?" Then let me ask you to keep your eyes open for a few days, on the streets, in the farm-yard, perhaps in your own house, and note how the boys of your acquaintance treat their neighbors' cats and dogs, their captured victims, whether rats, gophers or mice; how few seem to even know that an animal has feeling. I insist always that no unnecessary pain be inflicted. If a child cannot understand, or will not care that abuse hurts, let me suggest that you try the system referred to before, "Similia similibus curantur." But I do not believe this will be required if one quietly but persistently points out the meanness, tyranny, inhumanity and unworthiness of such cruel treatment, impressing the duty of striking the death-blow as speedily and painlessly as can be when it must be dealt, endeavoring always to arouse sympathetic interest in the well-being and comfort of every living thing. Let every suffering thing be spoken of compassionately, its pain regretted, and never allow yourself to smile indulgently upon any sport which is pain for anything else.

PENNE P. ARLYNS.

Several "Woman Questions."

To the most unobserving it must be apparent that woman is daily acquiring a more firm hold upon the world. She is taking her stand side by side with man, in many positions requiring judgment, tact, and trust. And yet, with it all, women are still subjects of scoffs and jibes, because they are so "unbusiness-like."

Let us deal fairly with this question. Let us see the ground taken in this connection. "Unbusiness-like!" This has been the cry for a century, and may be the cry for a century more.

What is the matter? Shall I tell you? Shall I state the case to you and let you see if I am not right? Now, fathers, I will speak to you first. It will be necessary, however, to go back a little, and this can best be done by repeating a conversation overheard in a car.

"Women are coming to the fore in a hundred professions," said one man to another, "but it is a question with me whether it is a good thing. Some say that they can and do work for less, and so cheapen labor that a man cannot obtain a good salary any more, and that if they would not do so, men might better be able to support the women of the family, and then the women would not have to go out at all."

Number Two did not believe in women taking up business; "it was the place of men and not of women." Well and good! "Women have no call to understand business!" Well, this is no new cry! Your grandfathers and great-grandfathers thought the same thing, and your mother and your mother-in-law were taught that women should know nothing of the kind. Your wife and the mother of your children grew to womanhood bred in the same way, and to-day you are able to twit her with having no head for business.

No head for business, indeed! Why should she have a head for business? It is not the proper thing for women to know anything about business! I dare say, when you were engaged, you begged her not to trouble her head with such things as accounts, and told her that you would always attend to that, and that she need never have anything to do with figures. I dare say you even intimated that it was a man's place and not a woman's to attend to finances. That was all very well, but why complain now when she cannot for the life of her tell whether she has a deficit of five dollars, or a surplus of fiv cents.

We will agree with you that no matter whether she is to be legitimately blamed for it or not, your wife does not know anything about business, and that her ignorance is a constant source of annoyance and trouble to you. Therefore, it is highly desirable that your three daughters should, in the interests of their future husbands, receive the vary training which your wife lacks. But in her ignorance, your wife is clearly not the woman to give her daughters the training which they need. Are you giving it to them as you should?

Clearly, there is something wrong. I ask you, are you going to permit your daughters to go out in life, either single or double, handicapped by the very ignorance of which you complain in your wife? Put the question to yourself as to whether you are treating fairly the man who will be your son-in-law. You would severely condemn your wife, should your daughter not be taught in household arts, womanly arts, as they are called; why not do your part to give her that other education which you, in your larger, riper, experience have agreed is a very good thing for even a woman to know?

Now let us take up the proposition in relation to the fact that women are deburring men from positions by filling them at a lower rate, and are thus preventing a proper support for families, while if they remained at home, the larger salary might support them in idleness. The man who made this statement had evidently either taken hold of the wrong end of the argument or he certainly had never thought very deeply upon the subject.

In the first place, the fact of women coming to the fore as they have done, has its origin in the fact that they have not been able to bear seeing their fathers burdened with care while they remained at home idle. They have tried saving money by making their own dresses, and economizing at every point, but they have found something more was necessary. It became necessary to earn something. Why not sew or teach? Why sew or teach, I ask, when sewing brings starvation wages and other work presents a possibility of comfort? Why should teaching be any more distinctly feminine than book-keeping. Are competent women teachers paid the same rate as men teachers?

The distinctly feminine occupations, as they are called, offer living from day to day, but what of the future, the rainy day? The only thing visible is an Old Ladies' Home! What a prospect! "Then marry!" Marry? What, any one, without reference to suitability? No, it is from this very sentiment that the world is suffering. "Marry," said our forefathers. "It is woman's mission and God's will," and they said it so often that our mothers learned to think it a disgrace to remain single. Rather marry any one than not at all. Indeed, one woman writer has given voice to these words: "Given certain conditions, almost any man is better than none."

They married. It was so much more feminine to marry than to go out into the world as self-supporters, and to-day in any city one may point by the hundreds to sad-eyed wives and disappointed husbands, to husbands desolate and women supporting themselves and their deserted children, all sacrificed upon the shrine of this monstrous idea.

Shall a woman whose husband, through death or inclination, has left her with a little brood to care for, sew or teach, when she can give them more comforts by entering the field of competition with men? Why should she? Is it more feminine, womanly, ladylike, to starve to death or sit and expect her friends to make up the deficiency, when she could earn a competency?

Besides, we cannot all marry. There is something wrong? Who will assist in setting it right?

A Sabbath Day.

There is no sound upon the grassy plain,
  The calm of summer silence lies serene,
And sunlight falls along the winding main
  Upon the hills and vales that intervene.

In golden rest the busy cornfields lie,
  Ungathered sheaves in yellow clusters stand,
No cloud moves o'er the blue expanse of sky,
  Nor song of bird upon the stirless land.

The grazing cattle in the pastures green
  Seem silently to move with hushed tread,
And on the sloping meadow lands are seen
  Bees here and there among the clovers red.

Save on the clear, sweet air the chime of bells
  Echoes across the level stretch of ground,
Each ringing note a varied story tells
  Of that far land where love and light abound.

A BEAR STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Outside the wind was howling as though all the bad and indifferent spirits had been let loose, and were holding a carnival in mid-air. The shutters rattled; the rain beat madly against the window panes; the trees creaked and moaned, and their long, bare branches came straggling against the house with a creeping, grating sound that was uncanny.

But inside all was light and warmth. A bright fire glowing in the grate sent rays of light and waves of warmth into the corners of the room; the curtains were drawn, and everything looked bright and homelike here, in spite of "wind and weather.

In front of the fire, on low ottomans, and nestling on the hearth rug, were four grave little folks, silently gazing into the fire. As silence was not their strong point, there was something remarkable in it.

"Why, what is the matter with my pets that they're so quiet? Holding a Quaker meeting?"

"O papa! papa! Have you come? When did you come? I'm so glad; so glad; so glad."

Such a chorus of screeches and screams; such an avalanche of kisses and hugs as befell me. I was soon comfortably ensconced by the fire, and then said:

"Well, why was the room so quiet when I entered?"

"O, papa, Bess said she was afraid, and believed there were ghosts around—there were such singular noises outside. I didn't believe her though, and told her she was a goose. Don't you think so too?" replied Jack.

"But what made you so quiet?"

"O we were just kind o' thinking it over, you know."

"So my little Bessie thinks there are ghosts about does she? What put that into her head?"

"O, papa it is such a dreadful night; and this afternoon Jack read such a dreadful story—"

"Aha! Master Jack again! And he is the young man who has been calling his sister a goose because she was nervous. I told you not to read such stories to your sisters."

"It wasn't so very bad, and I didn't suppose she would be so silly as to get frightened over it. She didn't say a word until night. But I'm sorry, and I'll promise not to do so again. And now, papa, please tell us a story, won't you? It will make Bess forget what a night it is."

"O papa, please do!" chimed in all the rest.

"I don't believe Jack meant to be naughty; don't scold him any more," came softly from the region of my shoulder.

"And we do want a story."

"But I've told you every story I ever read, heard, dreamed or manufactured, over and over again."

"O, papa, you surely havn't," piped up Jack. "Tell us a real true story about when you were a boy. Tell us about the wolves. I've heard you say there were wolves around here when you were small."

"O papa, please not that kind of a story to-night;" and a curly head nestled closer down on my shoulder. "It sounds as if there is a whole pack of wolves around the house now."

"Pooh! Bess is afraid again. I tell you I'm glad I ain't a girl. Nothing will hurt you Bess; go on with a wolf story, papa;" said the irrepressible Jack, as he described several somersaults on the hearth rug.

"What a little heathen you are Jack! What other unpleasant thing besides ghosts and wolves will you think of? How unbecoming it is for you to tumble about in such a style in the presence of your sisters! And Bessie dear, if I tell the boys of the wolves (although Jack doesn't deserve anything) the story will not be very terrible. Wolves are not as terrible as many suppose. In fact, a single wolf rarely attacks humankind, and a little child would not be in great danger from a lone wolf. It is only in the winter when they are in packs and nearly starved that they attack human beings. A single wolf, when not hungry, is a very cowardly, sneaking sort of an animal."

"Well, I don't mind hearing of them if they never ate any one," said Bessie, raising her head.

"They most certainly did not eat any one—or at least not to my knowledge in this part of the country, although they ate a number of sheep.

"The farmers used to build high slanting fences around the stock yards, within which they kept the sheep nights, along with the cattle. Then when Mr. Wolf got into the enclosure, which he sometimes did, he could not get back over the high fence sloping inward.

FIGS. 67. - No. 4718.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS. Price 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 3 years, 8 yards; 4 years, 8½ yards; 5 years, 8½ yards; 6 years, 8¾ yards; 7 years, 8¾ yards; 8 years, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 4 yards; 4 years, 4¼ yards; 5 years, 4¼ yards; 6 years, 4⅜ yards; 7 years, 4⅜ yards; 8 years, 4½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3¼ yards of 42-inch goods, 2¾ yards of 21-inch silk, or 2⅔ yards of lace will be required to make the medium size.

The fashion of contrasting sleeves and yoke is prettily shown in this illustration, which has a full, puffed yoke and large sleeves, ending in cuffs of black velvet or surah, with a full skirt and round waist of China silk, cashmere, etc. The sash from the side seams is held at the waist-line by large rosettes of the yoke material called *choux*. A vandyke lace collar forms a pretty finish to the dress (Pattern No. 4718, price 20 cents), which may be of any of the ordinary materials used for children's nice frocks, with a colored or black guimpe.

Then the cattle, thinking him a stray dog, would kill him, or at least keep him from hurting the sheep.

"One morning my father came in and reported that a nice large sheep was dead out by the barn—killed by a wolf. Father set traps for that wolf, but never caught him. When your grandfather first came to this country (on April 1st, 1791) this pretty valley was nearly covered with woods, the only clear spots being Indian corn patches here and there. Then the woods were full of animals. Bears and wolves were abundant, and deer roamed fearlessly about.

As I was the youngest of a large family, the country was partially cleared in my earlier recollection, and most of the wild animals were gone; but I have heard my father tell a great many stories of his adventures.

The impetuous Jack here burst in: "I wish I had lived then! I would have just slayed the wolves and bears and deers. That would have been just glorious. What fun boys must have had then!"

"Yes, they used to have some fun then, as all boys do; but they had to work much harder then than you do now, and did not have so many privileges."

"But didn't you ever see any bears or wolves yourself, papa?" Jack asked in a disappointed tone. "I thought you were going to tell us about what you had seen."

"Yes, I've seen a great many wolves—"

"There! that sounds rather more like it," murmured Jack.

"And their skins had scalloped red flannel borders."

"What!" and a curly head popped up suddenly from the shoulder it was keeping straight. "What funny wolves they must have been. Was you a little boy when you saw them?"

"Come now, papa," expostulated Jack, "that ain't fair. You're just a teasin' a fellow. It isn't a story at all; and I shall go upstairs and read. Ghost stories are a great deal more interesting than this. Besides, you never saw any such wolves; you saw only their skins."

"Well, if it will do you any good, I can tell you that I have seen a wolf—a real live four-legged wolf—outside a menagerie. One ran across my road when I was a little chap going to school. We had a long way to go to school, and part of the way was through the woods. One morning as we were racing along, just as we reached this piece of woods, a big fellow bounced out of one side, and disappeared in the thicket on the other side."

"Really, papa! What did you do?"

"Do? Nothing, but run along to school as fast as we could."

"Well, that was a pretty thing to do! I just wish I'd been there."

"What would you have done Jack?"

"I should have followed right after him, if I had been in your place."

"If I should have done so, I would probably be following him yet; for he ran so fast I never could have caught up; and then you wouldn't have had any father or story either."

"I've got the father, but I don't know about the story. Didn't they have any bears when you were small

"No, the wild bears were all gone then. But there were plenty of deer; and what pretty creatures they were! They used to come in our fields and eat the wheat, of which they were very fond; and they used to drink at the river not far from our house. We used to kill them to eat—venison is very nice meat. I was quite a lad when I killed my first deer, and how proud I was of it, too. An old lady who visited us, sometimes, had a tame deer that followed her about like a dog. She was very fond of her pet, and had a bell fastened to its neck, so that no one would kill it by mistake. She got it when it was a little fawn and raised it herself; so when she came to our house the deer always followed her, staying in the yard until she was ready to go home. Occasionally it would come up and peep in at the windows, to see if she was there yet; and then after finding that she was really there, the deer would lie down, awaiting the appearance of her mistress, as quiet as a kitten.

"It seems strange how you can domesticate wild animals, simply by being kind to them. Even the fiercest of dumb brutes become manageable and fond of you, if you are only kind to them.

"Another of our neighbors had a tame bear, which was captured when a mere cub. That bear was a most friendly fellow. One morning an uncle of yours was chopping, when something came up from behind, and catching him in its huge arms, gave him a vigorous hugging.

"He naturally thought it was a wild bear, and nearly tore his clothes off in a struggle to get away. When he got loose and seized his ax to strike the bear, he saw a strap around its neck, and knew it was a tame bear, that had broken its chain and left for the woods. Your uncle went home and sent word to the owner of the bear, who came and took him home.

"I remember seeing that bear come down the road one morning following his master like a little dog. That was when he was a cub—before he gave your uncle that hearty embrace. And when he got opposite our house, our big dog rushed out and frightened him so that he climbed a tree: and I had to take the dog to the house before his master could coax him down. And when he came down, he went cowing along the rail fence until he was quite a distance from the house, before he ventured upon the ground.

"Bears are very fond of milk, and this one was no exception to the rule. One day an old woman passed him with a pale of milk: Mr. Bruin walked up with her on his hind legs grasped the pail in his fore-paws, took it away from her, and drank up the milk.

"It is queer how a bear walks on his hind feet, and carries burdens in his arms."

"Arms, papa?"

"Well, you little puss, in his fore-paws, then. I have heard your grandfather tell about a huge bear that came into his father's yard and carried off a full grown pig; walked off with it in his arms—beg pardon, his fore-paws—as if it had been a baby. Right in the day time, too. How the poor pig did squeal and cry; but as my grandmother—your great-grandmother was there alone, she had to let him go. Probably if your grandfather had been there, Mr. Bruin would not have gotten off so easily with his booty.

"Your grandfather was out hunting one day, when he met a very large bear. He fired and broke one of its shoulders. He had no more bullets and he knew not what to do. What would you have done in his place, Jack?"

"I don't know papa; what did he do?"

"He tried to flash powder in his eyes and blind him, so that he could get near enough to kill him with a club. But the bear was so furious with the pain, that your grandfather had to get out of his way. The next day he and another man with a pack of dogs went after the bear. They found him under the roots of an old tree and killed him.

"You know bears were valuable. The meat was good to eat and the skin and oil were both useful.

"Now I think we have had quite bears enough; and you little folks must all go to bed."

A Woman's Grief for a Dog.

There is a fashionable woman known in Washington who is wearing deep mourning for a dog. Imagine it! It seems too absurd to be believed; nevertheless it is said to be true. She is a fine-looking woman of about forty, is unmarried, the possessor of great wealth, and having been of an affectionate disposition, was desirous of lavishing her love upon something with an appreciative soul. She longed for a dog! And as nothing but one of aristocratic lineage would do, a number of months was spent in searching for one sufficiently ugly to be appreciative, and whose pedigree was beyond reproach. Her efforts were finally crowned with success. Through reliable parties she received a ragged-looking Scotch terrier, and she decided to give a christening breakfast in honor of her new acquisition. Twenty dear friends were invited, and on the day appointed all of them appeared, leading or carrying their sweet little curs. Miss S., the hostess, performed the ceremony of christening her new pet by sprinkling perfumed water on him from a cut-glass bowl, and by then slipping an exquisitely chased gold collar, on which was engraved the name of "Laddie," over his head. The mistress then announced that she had settled upon his dogship the sum of 5000 dollars as a token of her love. The most elaborate breakfast was served, during which the dogs reflected great credit upon their mistresses, acting far better than do many children; but then children do not often get the training which these pet dogs had received, so they are not to be blamed. Laddie, of course, had a maid to wait upon him and see that his food was properly prepared and served, as well as to give him his daily walk on the avenue; but, in spite of all the care, at the end of two years he was taken very ill. A doctor who was called prescribed for him, and recommended massage. The services of a professional were engaged, and the dog was religiously treated every six hours for a week, but all to no purpose. Like all the rest of us, Laddie must die. Miss S. was inconsolable when they told her there was no hope, but she sent immediately for a lawyer to make the dog's will. It was formally drawn up and signed, or rather sealed, for Laddie's paw was gently pressed upon a splash of yellow wax, leaving its imprint clearly defined. The following morning the dog drew what seemed like a breath of relief, and died in the arms of his mistress. No expense was spared at the funeral. The twenty dear friends were there with their pets all in mourning, and it is said that when the procession moved toward the grave, which was at the lower end of the lawn, every last dog set up such a mournful howl that it was irresistibly funny to all save Miss S. On returning to the house, the will of the deceased canine was read. In it he gave his money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, urging that strong efforts be made to do away with the barbarous practice of "dog-stealing." Any one visiting Miss S. can hardly fail to notice the beautiful mausoleum on the lawn erected to the memory of Laddie, nor his marble statue in the drawing-room and the life-size painting in the library, before both of which fresh flowers are always placed.

An August Vacation Episode.

"Maud, I should like to know the meaning of this reception."

"Mr. Hazard, you shall!" answered the proud country girl, freezingly. I have found you out, sir. That is all.

"What do you mean dearest?"

"Don't come near me, sir! Stay on the other side of that table. I have found out that you have been amusing yourself at my expense."

"For heaven's sake, Maud, explain!"

"I know I am freckle-faced, sir," she said with flashing eye "but I did not think you capable of joking about it with your friends."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, Maud!" protested the young man.

"You have, sir! After you had—had proposed to me last night and I—I had said y-yes and you had gone, I overheard you telling Mr. Bellehamber out there on the front porch what glorious fun it was to go into the mountains in August and catch speckled beauties!"

The Little Cook.

Every child, especially every girl, has an instinctive desire to make and meddle wherever any culinary processes are going on; and every mother and every kitchen-maid are accustomed to give the little one a bit of dough when mixing bread or cake, and of letting her bake her own little confection in a saucer. It is a wise mother who takes advantage of this natural inclination in a girl to make her a cook betimes, and to turn the taste and tendency to account in the family. To be a good cook, to be a good nurse, to be a good needle-woman, are the three things absolutely essential to the happiness, and to the continuance in happiness, of the great majority of all women, whatever more it may be given them to be; and if the things leading to such desired proficiency are taught in season, there will be so much more time left for all the other things that invite after the foundation of the positively necessary is laid.

The business can be begun by letting a child of nine or ten, for example, make a bowl of gruel, overseeing its preparation so carefully that there can be no mistake made and that the consumer of the gruel can praise it so sincerely that her ambition will be fired for all the future, so far as gruel is concerned, to make it perfectly. She will put a quart of water in the saucepan over a good fire, and then wet a tablespoonful of oatmeal in a little cold water, and stir it smooth as the smoothest paste, and when the water boils she will pour the paste into the saucepan, stirring it all the time, when half done adding a saltspoonful of salt, boiling a half-hour, and straining through a fine wire strainer, when if it has not scorched, the invalid will have a fastidious appetite who is not pleased with it. Indeed, many well people find it an agreeable and satisfying dish; and we have known of a house-keeper, in distress for a soup, serving this oatmeal gruel, well salted, and with some celery tops thrown into the tureen as it came to the table, for the sake of appearances, and experiencing the delight of one who has made a new discovery at the relish with which her guests disposed of her white soup.

When our little cook is sufficiently accomplished in this simplest gruel, to which learning in later years pearla and the more complicated sorts can be added, her attention can be turned to bread, that one most necessary thing in the support of civilized life; and her initial step in the process can be the concoction of some cream of tarter biscuit in which she will be shown how to rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into a quart of flour till there are no lumps, adding then a teaspoonful of salt and two heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, stirred in well, then wetting it with a pint of cold water in which a heaping teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; when well mixed pouring it out on the board into enough flour to let it be moulded smooth, rolled to a surface a half-inch thick and the biscuits cut out with a tumbler, if there is no biscuit-cutter, and baked in a well-greased pan. When her biscuits have been admired, as they ought to be, she can proceed to bread. Here the question of yeast complicates matters at the outset; but as yeast is now so easily obtained at the baker's and in the compressed form, we will assume that she has it on hand, and if she has to learn to prepare it, that exciting business can come afterward. If now she scalds a half-pint of milk, and adds it to a gill of water in which a quarter of a yeast cake has been dissolved, together with a teaspoonful of salt and another of butter and stirs all that into a quart of flour, turns it out and kneads it till her little arms are tired, and another stronger person must finish the half-hour's kneading for her, and then puts it into a pan, and cuts a transverse slit in the top of the mass and leaves it to rise overnight, she will have completed the first chapter of her work. In the morning, when the dough may have doubled in height, she will take it out, and knead it again till the little arms can do no more and assistance is called in; then she will shape it into a loaf, put it into a buttered pan, prick it with the carving fork, and bake it in a hot oven three-quarters of an hour, when it will not be her fault, or the fault of her overseer, if she has not produced a good loaf of bread, and is not entitled to be called lady, or loaf-giver.

Gingerbreads and cakes and dainties will come into a later year of our little cooking-school, as in this year only the essentials are dealt with, although to hungry school-children cookies and snaps and jumbles sometimes seem more essential than bread and meat, and they quite agree with that wit who thought he could dispense with the necessaries of life if he could only have the luxuries.

But all this accomplished week by week, it is time for the young cook to learn how to roast the meat, wiping and not washing the beef and mutton; how to boil it—in hot water if the meat is fresh, in cold if it is salt or corned; how to broil a steak, by searing each side quickly as possible in order to retain the juices; how to make and season a stew; leaving the dressing of a fowl to a much more advanced period of kitchen lore, together with the composition of *entrees* and all such elaborate affairs. It will be time, too, with this roast or stew, to learn about the preparation of the simpler vegetables; how to cook potatoes, for instance, by plunging them into boiling water, and when done pouring off the water, sprinkling them with salt, and leaving them one hot evaporating bursting moment over the fire. And when with this our little maid has learned how to make a plain custard pudding, by beating five eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar into a quart of milk, adding half a teaspoonful of flavoring extract, peach or lemon, and a generous pint of salt, grating nutmeg over the top, and baking three-quarters of an hour, she can truthfully style herself a good plain cook; and she has learned her art, moreover, in a way as good as play.

FIG. 36.—No. 4708—LADIES' POLONAISE DRESS. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 12 yards; 34, 36 inches, 13 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 15½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 6 yards; 34, 36 inches, 6½ yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 7½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 6 yards of 42-inch goods, 1½ yards of 21-inch velvet, and 8 yards of ribbon will be required to make the medium size.

Fig 36, Pattern No. 4708, price 35 cents illustrates a design that has been called the Russian polonaise, as it laps to one side in the style especially affected in these so-called Russian garments. Plain or figured materials look well with a flat garniture of velvet ribbon, galloon, embroidery, etc. The full-topped sleeves are of velvet, silk, or cord guipure; in the latter case having a top puff of the dress goods, or of silk. The lower edge may be finished with a ruffle, bands of velvet, or a hem only. The back is full from the shoulders, and the right front is gathered in the shoulder-seam, and lapped to the left hip, with a graceful fullness across the front of the skirt.

An Intelligent Cat.

A New-Hampshire physician has sent the following cat story, for which he vouches:

"Among other queer tricks, Dick will take off my glasses very carefully with his paw, hold them with one claw and survey them with great apparent interest.

"The first time he did this was one night when he had been napping and I reading. He is a great pet, and going to him I bent over, without indicating by any motion my meaning, and said gently:

"Dick, if you want to go to bed take off my glasses."

"He immediately reached up a paw and took them off as deftly as though it were an old habit. Thinking this a 'happen-so,' I put them on and made the same request in different words, with precisely the same result. After one more repetition he yawned and plainly intimated that was enough."

"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?" The little one answered, after a moment's reflection—"It is the thing you th."forget w

To See or Not To See.

Few of us realize the blessing we have in our eyes till we are about to be deprived of them. We often speak of the comparative blessings of the various senses, all but musicians, and those whose chief happiness is in music, agreeing that they would rather be deaf than blind, a few going even so far as to say, and that in the face of the well-known content of the blind, that they would rather be dead than blind, if the choice lay with themselves. In view of this very evident value that we set on our eyes, is it not singular that we take so little care of them? Is it not strange that we so heedlessly expose them to all extremes of heat and cold, of light and darkness and semi-light, by using them under such circumstances that we strain them, and disregard and forget them, till all of a sudden they oblige us to remember, with the stings of pain and blurs of shadow, if no worse?

Every child is told, from the first reading of the first story, to put away the book when twilight comes. But every child sees the mother or aunt bending forward for the last ray of light on work or paper when twilight begins to purple the air and make it necessary to strain all the fine nerves of the eye in order to distinguish one thread or one letter from another. We all know that when the body is fatigued, it is not merely the back or the legs, but the whole body; and if the whole body, then the eye with it, that portion so closely and intimately connected with the brain, the organ of all sensation; but tired out, we throw ourselves down and take a book and put the eyes at work, the eyes as tired as any of the rest of us, and in so doing give the brain also more work and more fatigue, or we take up the needle and do this bit of fine stitching, thinking we are resting everything but our fingers meanwhile; and when we are too ill to do anything else, we are apt to think we are not too ill to write letters, to read a light novel, or to look at pictures, and forget that the eye has been weakened with all the rest, and needs shadow and nothingness—nothingness, if we except mollifying baths and the care that a vital organ should always have.

Just as many of us think it is wise to save an hour and add it to life by doing a piece of sewing in the morning before breakfast, or will have our children up and at their lessons on an empty stomach, without at all recognizing that the body needs refreshment before beginning its tasks, and that the eye is badly weakened by the effort which calls upon it for exertion before the body has been strengthened by the morning meal, the fact being that nothing should be done, neither walking, nor studying, nor sewing, till a cracker or a crust has been eaten, or one has had the sustenance afforded by a glass of milk, or something of that sort.

Never should we allow any one suffering under an enfeebling disease, or recovering from an acute illness, to use the eye at all. Never should we disregard the situation of the windows in our children's school-rooms, but forbid the children to be seated so that the light falls into the eye from the front. Never should we allow a bed to be placed so that the light is in the face of the sleeper, and always should we make sure that the eyes have good night rest by having the sleeping-room completely dark, and letting any fanciful love of seeing stars or moon or sunrise be gratified in another room.

Nor can mothers be too careful in the matter of their children's studies after nightfall. They should prevent and forbid as much studying then as possible, and when the exigences of our present system of education make it absolutely necessary, they should provide the fullest and best light to be had, never permitting any use of the eyes by flickering fire-light, or any uncertain flame; and when they detect the first symptom of short-sight in a child, they should obtain optical advice at once, and have the child fitted with glasses to relieve the strain.

When the eyes are in trouble, inflamed, or aching, or suffering from a blow, it is of all times the time to be most careful, and if the trouble is serious in the least, to have medical advice, and try no other application beforehand than very hot or cold water. Plentiful bathing, pure water, and pure air, good food, just enough work, and all the rest it will take, is what the eye needs as much as any of the rest of the body for its perfect health and the preservation of its power.

Only a Mouthful.

X.—Do you know that man sitting at the table over there?

Q.—Yes; it is Jones, the greatest gourmand in the city.

X.—I know it, and he is eating away his senses.

Q.—That won't hurt him any; it is only a mouthful to him.

The Story of the Glove.

The history of an ordinary article of wear seems hardly inspiring, but there is in the case of gloves something more than blank history. They were doubtless first worn for comfort and convenience, but they have been clustered about by so many ritual and symbolic meanings and purposes that their practical apparent use may almost be lost sight of in treating them. What a glove is etymologically has not yet been definitely determined. An old lexicographer finds the root of the word "in the Belgic *gheloove*—faithfulness, because gloves were the testimony of faith." As they were given by lovers, it has been suggested that the word is a contraction of "gift love." Then there are the Norse word *glaef* and the old English *gof*, the latter meaning the hand, which present their claims to fathering the word as well as many others. Among all appellations, however, which are now used for the glove itself, the German *Handschuh*, or shoe for the hand, is the most interesting.

But the curious thing about gloves is that they were used for other purposes than merely to shield the hand from the weather or from harm. They have had a variety of symbolic uses. The Teutonic knight who threw down the gauntlet in old times, exclaimed, in the Platt dialect, "Dat is min glove," which was equivalent to saying, "This is my opinion, for which I am willing to be called to account." There are many other uses to which gloves have been put which I will refer to presently.

The antiquity of gloves, though remote, may not run coeval with that of the human hand. It is claimed, however, that distinct evidences are given of their use by the cave-dwellers. Mr. S. Beck, whose researches upon gloves are very full and minute, notes the fact that where the drawing off of the shoe is referred to in the book of Ruth the word "shoe" should be translated "glove." The Hebrew scholars who make this contention say also that the shoe is never made a token of faith, but is only associated "with acts of humility and obeisance. So in Psalm cviii., where it is said, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," the word "shoe" should be "glove." For "to throw a glove over Edom would accord with all precedent in conveying a challenge, or a boastful promis of punishment. To throw a shoe would have no warlike significance whatever."

Among the Israelites it is certain gloves were a sign simply of rank, or used for display, as with all early peoples. Ancient paintings of a mural kind exhibit them on the hands of kings and persons high in authority. For every day wear and among the common people a more primitive device prevailed for purposes of protection, since "the sleeves of both sexes were long and ample, and readily available for hand-coverings when inclemency of the weather was needed." The cloak, too, when it was of liberal size and warmth, could be easily made to cover the hands securely.

It is the opinion of one writer that the common wearing of gloves came about by their use among laborers, who employed them when at work among thorns. A passage in Homer, at any rate, is quoted which relates to their serviceableness for this purpose. In the Cyropedia, Xenophon speaks deprecatingly of the recently adopted luxury of the Persians of using gloves for show and style. "It is not sufficient for them to clothe their heads and their bodies and their feet, but they have coverings made of hair for their hands and fingers." The mitten and glove are often referred to by ancient writers interchangeably; but in the above reference, as the hands and fingers are separately mentioned, the article spoken of must have been the glove as we now distinguish it.

A certain Roman writer thought it was a species effeminacy to wear gloves; but his invectives against them had little effect. Among the epicures—or, one might better say, gluttons—of Rome, gloves were worn at the table. As the knife and fork were not then used, it being the custom to carve and handle the viands with the fingers, those who had their hands habited could hold the hottest meats without trouble, and were sure to get a larger share than the persons who dined ungloved.

Whether the Romans introduced the glove into England is not established. It was found there, however, in Anglo-Saxon times. The poem of "Beowulf," a seventh-century romance, mentions the glove; and not much later gloves figure in the customs laws as a part of the duty paid by German merchants. Allowing ecclesiastics to wear gloves in church while the laity were to remove theirs was an old rule; white gloves were, in fact, put on the bishop at his ordination to symbolize the purity of his office. A prayer in more than one of the old missals offered ecclesiastics contains the petition "that I may be found with pure hands." Among the church trappings of the Middle Ages highly ornamented gloves are enumerated. Gold, silver, and precious stones were employed in making them, and there was also no lack of lavish decoration. Says Mr. Beck, from whose book upon gloves I quote: "In Butler's *Legends of Saints* a pair of gloves is believed to have testified to the self-denial of St. Gudula, who died in 712. When at her prayers barefooted, a compassionate monk placed his gloves under her feet, but she rejected the proffered comfort. When to reward her voluntary sacrifice, the gloves were taken up, and remained supernaturally suspended in mid-air for the space of an hour."

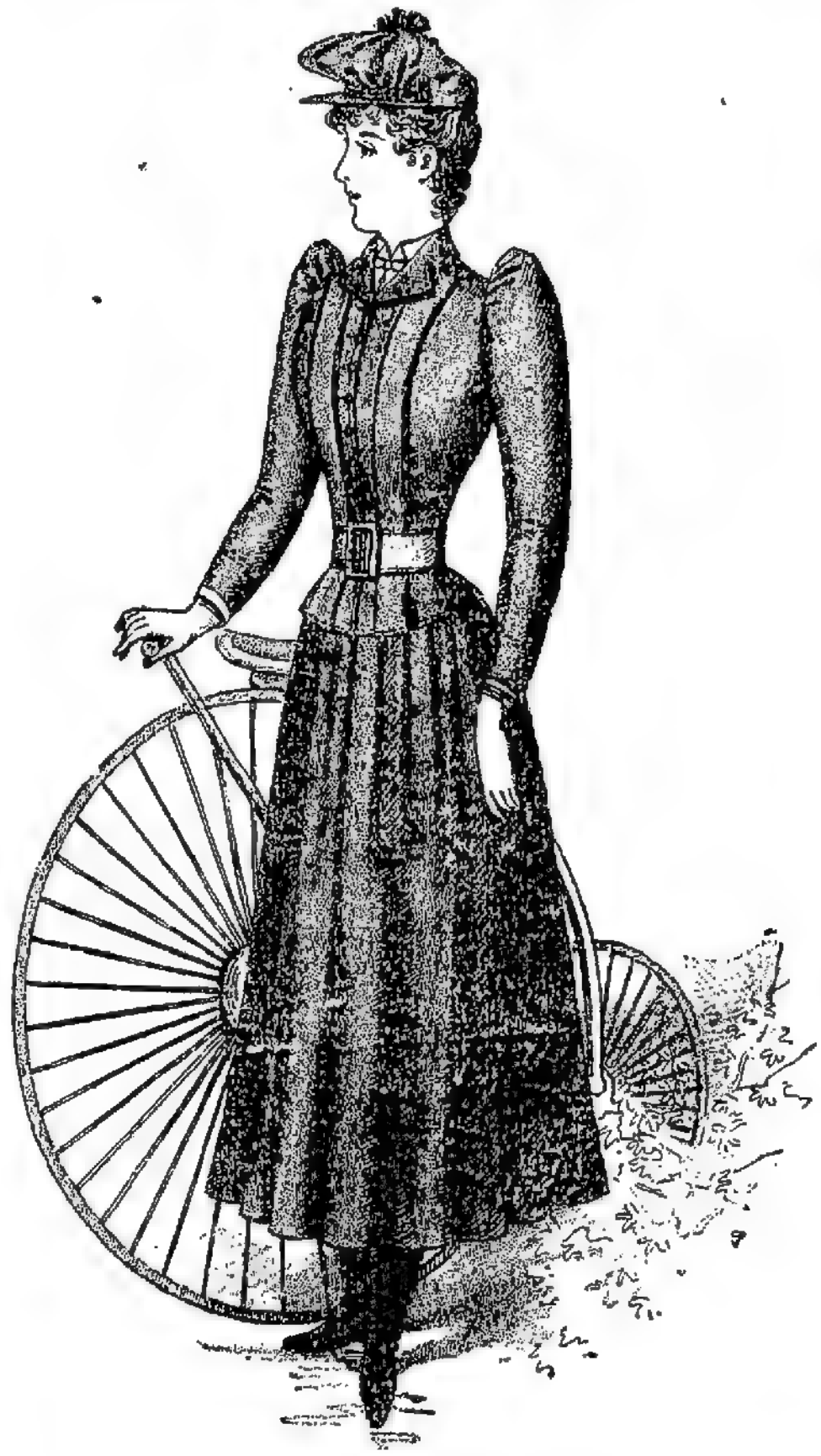


FIG. 37. No. 4724.—LADIES' WHEELING SUIT. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 9½ yards; 38 inches, 9⅞ yards; 40 inches, 10 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 32 inches, 5⅔ yards; 34, 36 inches, 6 yards; 38 inches, 6¼ yards; 40 inches, 6½ yards.

Select flannel, cheviot, and such goods for this illustration, which should be simply finished with stitching on the edges. The divided skirt is in two wide parts, finished with a yoke at the top. The Norfolk blouse is box-pleated, belted, has coat-sleeves full at the shoulders, and a coat-collar. A linen chemisette, lawn tie, and chamois or Saxe gloves should be worn with such a suit. The cap is illustrated in the May Magazine. Fig. 27, of millinery plate, and may be made from the description given there, using cloth like the costume, or a contrasting material, with silk cords and a pompon for the trimming, and lining it with silk. Pattern No. 4724, price 35 cents.

The Extending Sphere.

"The sphere of a woman is constantly extending. It will never stop until it reaches the furthermost limits of human activity. If reed by men shall be swept one side by its resistless force as the weed is tossed by the torrent," exclaimed Mrs. Goggles, the eminent reformer.

"There, John, what do you think of that?" whispered Mrs. Heavyweight to her little spouse.

"Well, I guess she's right," sighed John.

"Guess! Don't you know she's right?"

"Yes, Celestina, yes; I do know it. I saw in the paper the other day that hoop-skirts were becoming fashionable, dear."

The Angels Sized Up.

One Summer evening an old farmer sat on his door step smoking a pipe before going to bed. Presently a tramp approached and said:

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," answered the farmer.

"I have been walking a long distance," said the tramp, "and if you will permit me, I'll sit a few minutes on your doorstep."

"All right," was the answer.

The two men fell into conversation, and as the farmer discovered his guest to be an intelligent man, their talk was continued until a late hour.

"Would you mind giving me a mug of cider?" asked the tramp, at length.

"Not at all," said the farmer, "I will do it with pleasure."

The cider was procured and disposed of in a summary fashion, and then came the next request:

"I've travelled a good distance to-day, and I should like very much to lodge with you, if you have no objection."

"All right," answered the farmer, "I can accommodate you."

Meanwhile the wife, who had long before retired, and was listening to the conversation from her bedroom, called out:

"No, you won't; I won't have him here. Come husband, it's time for you to come in and lock up."

"Madam," said the tramp, seriously, turning in the direction of the voice, "you should not speak so abruptly to a stranger. You might be entertaining an angel unawares."

"I aint a mite afraid," returned the old lady, calmly, "angels don't come around begging cider after dark."

At The Beginning.

A young housekeeper will never do any better than to begin her oversight and card at the very foundation of her house and home—with her cellar, the kitchen, and the pantry. In fact, she may even begin outside the kitchen proper, with—the fastidious reader forgive us—the swill pail, and at a glance see for herself if there is anything there that should have been saved for making over into breakfast or side dishes, or that could better have been put with the soap grease; she can go further still, and see that the soap grease is saved, and that it is her own perquisite, and not the maid's. She will go into her cellar, and if things are kept there in quantity, she will make sure they are kept in the right way; that there is, for instance, a weight on the top of the pork barrel, if she has pork, that will make its contents stay under the brine; she will see if the apples are decaying there, and if so, have them picked over, and the bad ones cast out; she will see if the parsnips are under sand, if the onions are in the dryest corner, if the squash are where it is dry and just removed from freezing, and if any of the vegetables are sprouting, in which case they must be put in a darker spot and used as soon as possible; she must see that there is some light and a sufficient circulation of air, and that the swinging shelf is well out of the way of the rats and free from dust and mould. In her pantry she must look to the Indian meal, among other things, and have it stirred now and then to let in the air and keep it from heating, and have a large cool stone in it for the same purpose; she will have her lard and her suet kept in the vessels instead of in stone or earthen jars; she will look at her bread boxes and judge if they are aired and sweet, or capable of giving a musty flavor to the bread, and if the fragments and crusts are saved for the various uses to which they can be put; and she will see that all the articles in the place are kept in tight buckets and boxes, and not in the papers in which they came from the grocery. In the kitchen, perhaps she will be so fortunate as to be able to begin with the beginning, and have her range or cooking stove gradually heated, instead of being warped or cracked by a sudden extreme of temperature; and she will have had all her earthen vessels put into cold water and brought to a boil, with a handful of bran thrown in to toughen the glazing, and prevent it from injury by acids. She will have the lamp cloths (if she does not use gas) washed and dried, and not thrown down together in that oily condition in which they spontaneously generate fire. She will see that her new knives are not plunged into hot water that will loosen and discolor the handles, and will instruct her maid that when discolored brisk rubbing with sandpaper will do a great deal toward restoring the original appearance of these knife handles: and she will have these that are to be put away wrapped in paper, and not in woolen. She will see that the wooden ware is clean and scalded often, that there is a bountiful supply of holders, rollers, and dish towels; that there shall be three brooms, the carpet broom never to be used on the bare floor, the kitchen broom never to be used on the stepps and out-door walks, nor the yard broom to be brought into the house; that the clothes-line is taken down when the wash is brought in, and the clothes-pins gathered and counted at the same time.

Breaking The Sabbath.

A short time ago her Majesty sanctioned performances of band music on the east terrace at Windsor Castle on Sunday afternoons; and to all accounts the innovation gave intense satisfaction to many of the inhabitants of the royal borough. The committee of the Lord's Day Observation Society thought it, however, right to address a memorial to the Queen pleading for the cessation of what they deemed an unholy breach of the day of rest. This communication has just been formerly acknowledged by her Majesty in the usual way, and without comment. It will be interesting to watch and see whether anything more comes of the matter, and whether the Queen will think fit to express her views on the rights or wrongs of Sunday music.

Athletes all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; healthful and beneficial. 5 cents.

RUNNING A GREAT RISK

"And so you are engaged to this clever artist, Miss Curzon? Why, you don't look much more than a baby yourself, child!"

"I am 18," said Miss Curzon, with a pretty shy laugh, bending over the baby she held on her knee—the nurse, having a very bad headache, had gone to lie down, and, as Miss Curzon had nothing particular to do that afternoon, her own charges having gone to spend the day with some cousins, she had offered to look after the baby.

She was seated in a easy rocking chair near to a centre table fire, and had an interesting novel close at hand, which she had just been about to take up, when the door opened and Miss Fairfax, a girl about two years older than herself, entered. Miss Fairfax was a ward of the husband of the lady whose children Miss Curzon was engaged to teach, and she spent her time partly with her guardian in the country, partly at the house of another guardian in London, and the remainder in visiting—for Miss Fairfax was rich, beautiful and fascinating, and had more invitations to visit at different houses, country and town, than she could well accept.

It was a freak of hers coming down to spend this Christmas with the Lowndeses, who, though they were fairly rich and held a good position in the country, were anything but a sociable family. Neither Mr. Lowndes nor his wife cared for society; consequently they visited little and received few visitors. Altogether the home of the Lowndeses might have been thought a place unlikely to be chosen by Miss Fairfax to spend Christmas in, especially as, among a dozen invitations she had received for the "festive season," there was one from a duchess, while the rest were all from people of note. Miss Fairfax, however, had suddenly made up her mind to write to Mrs. Lowndes, to say she was coming, and, though Christmas was still a week distant, she had already arrived.

Miss Curzon had not seen much of Miss Fairfax since her arrival, and she was considerably astonished at her appearance in the nursery that afternoon; but the beautiful queen of society could be as quietly charming as Miss Curzon herself when she chose. In 10 minutes' time she had won Miss Curzon's heart, and they sat talking till the younger girl unconsciously let out the secret of her life's happiness. Painting and the pictures of the year had been one of the subjects of conversation, and Miss Fairfax had spoken of a picture by a very clever young artist which had strongly appealed to her imagination. The painter of it turned out to be the betrothed of Miss Curzon.

"I've always wanted to see him," said Miss Fairfax; "but he never goes anywhere in town—of course, not for want of invitations. People say he is unsociable; but I understand now why he doesn't care to go out." Miss Fairfax gave an amused laugh, and looked curiously and interestedly into the flushing pretty face opposite to her. "But just fancy his being engaged!"

There was a note in the exclamation which Miss Curzon did not understand. She looked up quickly.

"Why? Is it so strange?" she asked.

"Oh, did I speak as if it were strange?" asked Miss Fairfax. "I don't know why it should be. Artists get married, as well as other men, of course."

"Of course," echoed Miss Curzon, restlessly touching the baby's pink fingers, something she could not define, and of which she was only vaguely conscious, had chilled her.

"Do you know, I was actually thinking of asking him to paint my portrait!" said Miss Fairfax, with an infectiously amused laugh. "I was dreadfully anxious to see him, and nothing would ever induce him to come to our house. Though we invited him dozens of times, I began to feel a kind of desperate people, and was determined that he should come. But it was no good. He is very handsome, isn't he?"

"Very," said Miss Curzon, with such gravity that Miss Fairfax laughed again. At that moment, however, Miss Curzon was thinking scarcely so much of the good looks of her lover as of the beauty of her companion. Miss Fairfax, exquisitely and daintily dressed in some soft rich colored winter material, with a knot of chrysanthemums in her belt, lay back, languidly graceful, in a low chair, her little slippered feet resting on a foot stool. The firelight played on her face, giving its statuesque beauty a warmth and coloring it did not always possess; her eyes, usually more brilliant than soft, were smiling and tender—for she had taken a real, if capricious, liking to the pretty unaffected little girl governess. "Very," repeated Miss Curzon, laughing and coloring a little. "But somehow I never seem to think so much of that; I am always thinking of the other things." She looked into the fire, a dreamy happy expression on her face. "He is so good and so brave and so clever that"—

"His good looks don't count," exclaimed Miss Fairfax, rising from her seat an odd look coming into her eyes as she watched the happy lovelight on the face of the little governess. "But that is a great thing. I adore beauty both in men and women. Don't you despise it, my dear; it is a glorious possession, and"—softly "sometimes a fatal one." Then before Miss Curzon could speak, Miss Fairfax broke out in a different tone; "But I have a lovely idea! Mrs. Lowndes—oh, what a dismally perfect mother she is—was telling me this morning that she could not spare you to go away for your Christmas holidays, especially as I—I am sure I wouldn't have come if I had known that I was to be made the scapegoat of Mrs. Lowndes' dreadful motherly propensities—shall be here. Well, I am going to tell her that she must ask Mr. Strongarm—what a funny name it is! I like it though—here for Christmas. I am sure"—looking admiringly into Miss Curzon's startled face—"he will come."

"But" wonder, delight, dismay, incredulity, chasing each other across the governess's expressive face—"Mrs. Lowndes—"

"Oh, she will be only too happy to gratify a whim of mine!" Miss Fairfax interrupted. "She always dreads having me here"—with a merry laugh—"she will be delighted to have some one to amuse me, and I am sure I shall like Mr. Strongarm."

Again the cold, indefinable, half-amused, half distrustful feeling stirred Miss Curzon, but it vanished as Miss Fairfax turned the conversation and chattered on brightly and pleasantly about other things.

* * * * * *

On Christmas eve the train from London steamed into the little country station of Greenacre, and, in the confusion and bustle of passengers claiming their luggage, Mr. Richard Strongarm had an opportunity of greeting unnoticed the pretty, slender girl awaiting him on the platform.

"Mrs. Lowndes said I might come," Miss Curzon told her lover, when the two young people were able to turn their attention to such sublunary things as luggage and a waiting brougham; "but I dare say Miss Fairfax suggested it, as she does everything. She is such a jolly girl! Is that all your luggage?"—as Mr. Strongarm pointed out a small Gladstone bag to the porter.

"All! How much did you expect me to bring? Indeed"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"that small receptacle contains about all my worldly goods! Pictures are a drug in the market, and my wardrobe is rapidly decreasing. It's a good thing I was asked now; for shortly I shall have only a ragged dressing-gown left."

They both laughed. They were both young and very hopeful, and brave, too, and they did their best to be patient. Sometimes, however, it did seem hard to have to live apart, each toiling so strenuously for the means of existence, which, work as they would, were still far from becoming sufficient to enable them to enter into that state of life which both looked forward to with such happy feelings. But at that moment they were much too pleased at meeting each other again to be trouble about the future.

The brougham awaited them in the dark country lane outside the station, and, after a long drive, they reached Ellerslea, where Mrs. Lowndes—who, in spite of her absorption in maternal duties, was a lady and knew what was required of a hostess—greeted Strongarm very pleasantly.

Strongarm had been shown to his room, and Mrs. Lowndes and Miss Fairfax were going up stairs to dress for dinner, when the elder lady stopped her capricious companion for a moment, saying, with fretful significance—

"You talked about having Mr. Strongarm here to afford Miss Curzon a pleasant Christmas; but you had better be careful not to make her unhappy instead of happy. I am sure—though it is very awkward for me having Mr. Strongarm here, as it will take Miss Curzon away from the children, and you know I like her to be always with them—I don't want to see the girl miserable."

Miss Fairfax colored with hot anger.

That evening she came down to dinner in the most unbecoming gown she possessed; though she felt very cross at having put it on, for she hated to do anything which she thought would diminish her beauty, even in the smallest degree. She scarcely spoke to Strongarm all the evening, and went to bed in a very bad temper, because she thought he had not even looked at her.

Christmas day broke bright, cold and frosty. The sun shone brilliantly, the trees with their skeleton branches were white and sparkling with rime, the ground was hard as iron.

Nelly Curzon and Richard Strongarm walked to church. It was too glorious a morning to drive; besides, they preferred being by themselves. Miss Fairfax and the girls, who drove with Mrs. Lowndes in the family wagonette, would have preferred walking too. The girls grumbled all the way at not being allowed to do so; but Mrs. Lowndes—who, considering she paid for Miss Curzon's services, would not have felt the least compunction about spoiling the lovers' walk—refused them permission to accompany them, simply because she did not think it fitting for her daughters to be in the society of a young man, and especially one so handsome and attractive as Mr. Strongarm undoubtedly was.

There was no room in the Lowndeses' pew for Strongarm, so he accepted a seat offered to him by some friends of Mrs Lowndes'. Miss Fairfax sat just opposite to him.

The service in the prettily decorated church began, and Miss Fairfax joined in it; but her thoughts would wander. She had always felt a great interest in the clever artist, who till now had been personally unknown to her; his appearance had in no way disappointed her. Once or twice she found herself looking across at him. She could do so with impunity, for he never once looked at her; if he glanced about him at all, it was always toward the other end of the pew where Nelly sat among the girls. Once Nelly looked up at him. Miss Fairfax happened to be gazing at him just as he was looking at Nelly, and she saw such a smile in his eyes, so tender, so proud, that it sent a thrill through her. The next moment she glanced at Nelly. She was kneeling with her head bowed, and something told Miss Fairfax that the girl was thanking heaven for having sent her such a love. Miss Fairfax's face hardened and assumed a cold statuesque look that somewhat marred her beauty.

Christmas day was always given up to the children at Ellerslea. Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes devoted themselves to the amusement of the young people, and the governess was expected to do the same. The occupation was more agreeable than it would have been under ordinary circumstances, for Richard was there to join in the revels. Strongarm was a splendid playfellow, and, before the evening came, he had won Mrs. Lowndes' heart equally with those of the whole family of children, from Fanny, aged 14, down to the baby. Even Mr. Lowndes took a convenient opportunity to congratulate Nelly on having won the heart of a remarkably fine fellow.

"Though he is to be congratulated, too," added Mr. Lowndes with geniality.

And, while all the fun and laughing and chattering were going on, Miss Fairfax was sitting in lonely state in her own room. She hated romps and games of every description.

Nelly, looking flushed and dishevelled, but intensely happy and pretty, went into her room before going to dress for dinner.

"We have had such a nice afternoon," she said, "we have all been a set of babies! I wish you had come down too—I have enjoyed myself so!"

Miss Fairfax's heart was filled with a sudden feeling of envy, for she had had a very dull afternoon. She did not try to conquer her petty jealousy and spiteful vexation; they were still lurking in her heart when her maid came in to dress her, and they bore evil fruit.

Strongarm happened to be the first down to dinner that evening. There were some beautiful water colors on the drawing-room walls, and, as he had the room to himself, he wandered slowly round it looking at them. The room was a blaze of light, for Mr. Lowndes hated shaded lamps. There was an archway leading from the larger room into a smaller one half-way down the apartment. A gilt branch holding a dozen candles, stretched out from either side of this archway. Strongarm, absorbed in the pictures, had reached the archway without noticing anything else. Then he started and gazed for a second as if spell-bound.

In the centre of the archway, in the flood of light, stood Miss Fairfax. Her arms and throat were bare, their white loveliness enhanced by the pale green tint of her silken dinner dress; her hair, drawn up to the top of her perfect head, was caught by a gold arrow, the shaft of which was set with diamonds. She stood looking at Strongarm, a great feathered fan, pale green, like her dress, in her hand. How long she had been standing there waiting for him to see her only she herself knew; but a moment after he had caught sight of her she moved forward. A glance was quite enough for him; she saw that she had succeeded at last in making him acknowledge her beauty.

"Are you looking at my guardian's collection?" she said, coming toward the young artist with a pretty smile. "He prizes them beyond words. Have you visited the picture gallery yet? But I don't suppose you have had time. How good you have been, romping with those dreadful children!" Miss Fairfax talked on after the manner of a woman of the world, seeing that Strongarm was still too moved to reply.

"I have enjoyed it thoroughly," he said, with a laugh, when he had recovered himself. "You ought to have come and helped us."

"I wish I had"—laughing lightly, with a bewitching glance up into his face—"for I am sure you would have taken all the hard work. I hate being 'blind man' or 'puss in the corner'; I like to have some one to do all the work for me."

"So you ought," Strongarm said impulsively, his eyes full of the admiration of his artist soul.

"I'll remember that next time when I want a service done," Miss Fairfax said, "in fact, I am meditating asking you one now."

"What is it?"—eagerly.

"Oh, I shall have to ask Miss Curzon first," she answered, laughing. "See—here she comes."

Mrs. Lowndes and Nelly came into the room, and Miss Fairfax moved away from Strongarm's side. He then realized that they had been standing very close together, and he colored faintly as he went over to Nelly.

The rest of the evening passed very pleasantly. Miss Fairfax was so bright and agreeable that Mrs. Lowndes was amazed at her husband's ward, and looked rather suspiciously from her to the handsome painter; nevertheless, she did not see how often Strongarm looked at Miss Fairfax even when he was talking to Nelly, Nelly and Miss Fairfax, however, remarked it; and that night, when the two girls reached their respective rooms, Nelly looked very grave, while Miss Fairfax appeared exceedingly elated.

* * * * * *

"I can't do her justice! Her beauty is bewildering!" Strongarm, standing before an easel in the picture-gallery at Ellerslea four days after Christmas, flung down his paint-brush with an irritable impatience very unusual to him.

"It is very like her." Nelly, standing by the side of her betrothed, looked at the lovely face on the canvas with a sharp pain at her heart.

"Like her! Look how hard her eyes are, and her mouth! Those scornful lips aren't hers. I can't get her expression at all!"

Nelly thought he had caught the expression perfectly. What was dimming his sight? Why could he not see that the eyes of his subject were cold and cruel—that her mouth, with all its beauty, was hard and proud? Nelly's face grew paler as her heart answered the question; but she was too brave, too proud, to utter aloud what she thought.

"I think you give too much time to it," she said gently. "All day yesterday and all day to-day you have been working at it. Put it away and go out for a walk. See—you are painting out all that you did this morning!"

"I must—it's too bad! Really I'm ashamed of myself, after she has been so good as to give me the sittings! I should be a made man if I could do her justice. I can't fail like this!"—with savage disappointment. "And she's so good and patient, too, and sits as many hours as I have the conscience to let her!"

Nelly thought of those hours. The sittings had begun on the second day after Christmas. The first sitting had been only a short one, and Nelly had been present at it, she and Miss Fairfax talking with and amusing the painter, who thoroughly appreciated the girlish laughter and chatter. The next day the sitting was longer, and toward the end Strongarm's face grew absorbed and serious; he was scarcely even conscious of Nelly's leaving the room to take the children for a walk. On the third day Nelly was not in the room at all. Her lover had seemed so bothered over the painting, as he worked at it the previous afternoon after the morning's sitting, that she was afraid if she went to the picture gallery the next morning she and Miss Fairfax might hinder him by their talking, so Nelly went off with the children to skate, leaving Strongarm at home with Miss Fairfax. They returned for luncheon, at which Strongarm and Miss Fairfax were present, but could scarcely spare time to eat anything, and the moment the meal was finished they went off to the picture gallery again, to get as much of the daylight as possible, Miss Fairfax having kindly offered to give the artist another sitting in the afternoon. He had been so excited over his work, which was not proceeding as he wished, that during luncheon he scarcely spoke a word except to Miss Fairfax. He did not even hear Nelly once when she addressed him, and the look in his eyes as he spoke to Miss Fairfax so impressed Nelly as to pre-

vent her speaking to him again. She had all the afternoon to herself, the children going out to take tea with friends; but she did not follow Strongarm to the picture gallery. It was not till she knew that Miss Fairfax had left it that she went to her lover, whom she found standing moodily before the picture. Nelly stood by his side looking at it. She did not slip her hand within his arm, as she would have done two days before; nor did he notice the absence of the loving caress.

"I must succeed!" he exclaimed, with impatient eagerness and disappointment in his eyes. "I am to exhibit it at the Academy; it will make my name! Isn't she glorious?"

"I don't see that your name depends on Miss Fairfax's portrait," Nelly returned a little sharply. "Your last picture made your name."

"It is forgotten by this time, apparently"—bitterly. "But it shall not be, if I can do her justice! What a charming girl she is! And to think how rudely I have always behaved to her—never accepting a single invitation to her house! She told me she always wanted to see me. It's awfully good of her to forgive me and let me paint her portrait!"

Nelly moved farther away into the gathering shadows of the winter dusk. The last rays of daylight fell on the picture as it faced the window and lingered on the lovely face. It seemed to Nelly, looking at it with dark pain-filled eyes, that it was gathering to itself all the light left in the world, while she was driven into the shadows. Her heart filled with hot, bitter anger. This girl had so much already—surely she might have been content to leave her this one love!

"Are you ready, Mr. Strongarm?" said a sweet voice at the door; and Miss Fairfax, wrapped in costly furs, and with her hat on, came forward. "Still in despair over my portrait?" Don't worry! You shall have as many sittings as you like when we are back in London. Oh"—as she caught sight of Nelly—"is that you, Miss Curzon?" all the softness gone from her voice. She was evidently discomfited at seeing the governess there. "I am going to take Mr. Strongarm to the Red Hall to show him the effect it has against a winter sunset. We must make haste, for it will be dark soon. Will you come, too?"

"No, thank you," said Nelly; "it is too cold," and she shivered slightly as she moved away farther into the shadows, leaving those two side by side.

It was New Year's eve. The snow had been falling all day. There was an old tradition at Ellerslea about the snow falling on the last day of the old year. Miss Fairfax was talking of it as she sat in the schoolroom drinking tea with Nelly. The children had gone out with their mother, Strongarm had left the house after luncheon and had not yet returned, and Nelly had told the schoolroom maid to bring her some tea there. She had no wish to sit in the drawing room with Miss Fairfax; but, as she sat enjoying her solitary cup in the firelight, Miss Fairfax appeared with hers, complaining of the dulness of the drawing room and reproaching Nelly for her unsociability.

Nelly drew back from the firelight. She did not wish Miss Fairfax to see certain red marks about her eyes. Pride also forced Nelly to speak to Miss Fairfax as if she had known nothing of what she had inadvertently witnessed that morning. Before she allowed Miss Fairfax to know that she had seen it, she must speak to Richard, who by the kiss he had impressed on another woman's lips had broken the troth between them; it was for her to give him back his freedom. So she forced herself to act and speak as if the memory of that treacherous kiss had not been burning into her heart and brain.

Of course you have heard of the tradition, Miss Curzon, how an ancestress of my guardian," said Miss Fairfax, "fell in love with a poor poet, and how her family opposed the match? She was young and very beautiful, and they wished her to marry a man who was her equal by birth. But she would not give up this Ronald Taylor, who was the son of one of her father's poorest tenants. He was very handsome, and had been educated by a rich man. He lived generally in London; but once, when he was on a visit to his sister here, he saw Grace Lowndes and fell in love with her. There was a bitter quarrel, for Grace would not give him up, and her family treated her very unkindly and drove Ronald away from the place. At last they let him hear that she was going to marry some one else, and he was in such despair that he hurried down from London to see her and ask her for himself if it were true. He arrived on New Year's eve. It was snowing heavily, and was a wild and dreadful night; but he cared nothing for it, and came straight to this house. It had been Grace's custom to keep a light burning in her room until late in the evening, as a signal to her lover, who came to the house every night when it was dark; when Ronald saw the light burning, he knew that she was still true to him, and that if she could she would slip out of the house and meet him down by the old beech tree at the end of the lawn. As he came near the house on this New Year's eve, he saw a light suddenly shine out, and, in spite of his trouble and fear and pain, a great peace came to him, for he was certain that Grace still loved him, and had put that light there as usual, in case he should come back. It was such a wild night that Ronald knew she could not come down to the beech tree; but he went and stood there all the same; and, while he was standing, in a sudden lull of the raging wind he heard the tolling of a bell, the sound coming from the direction of the chapel. The next day he found out that the bell had tolled for Grace, she having died just an hour before he reached the house—an hour before the light had shone in her window. She had not died in that room, but in another wing of the house, and no one had entered her room that night. It was locked up, and her mother had the key. But Ronald had seen the light, and to the day of his death he believed that Grace's faithful heart had returned to earth for one brief moment to tell him by that light that, whatever might be said, she had died still loving him. And now, whenever the wind rages and the snow falls on New Year's eve, they say that the light can still be seen by lovers if they be true to each other, and that, if they see the light, their love will be happy. I wonder if it will shine to-night?"

Miss Fairfax spoke in a low dreamy tone, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Nelly looked at her from across the rug, her eyes burning, her face pale.

"Why have you told me this story?" she asked, her voice quivering slightly. Her indignation and scorn were almost too great to control. "I know the story: you need not have repeated it."

Miss Fairfax looked at her: it was a strange, searching, critical look, which made Nelly shiver in spite of herself.

"I don't know," said Miss Fairfax, looking away again, "except that it is a lovely story and takes my fancy. But I don't think that is the most beautiful part of it. There was something else—a love greater, grander than that of the girl who died for hers. Ronald had a sister; she was a poor, ignorant woman who had taken charge of him as a child, who had loved him as she loved her life. When the Lowndeses found out about Ronald's daring to love Grace, they taunted her with his sister's ignorance, her poverty, her low origin. And this poor sister thought that she was standing in the way of her brother's happiness—that perhaps she left the neighborhood, Grace's relations might relent. He would then have no reason to drag him down and be a disgrace, and he might marry this girl, become rich and famous, and have advantages for travel and study that he could never get except by this marriage. So one day she went away and entered a convent, and there lived a hard toiling, self-sacrificing life, hiding herself from her brother, so that she might never more be an obstacle between him and that which was to make him happy, great and rich."

There was a deep silence. Miss Fairfax looked down at her hands, which were loosely clasped in her lap. But the fingers trembled slightly, and betrayed her affectation of dreamy self-possession: she was waiting with intense eagerness for Nelly's answer. Nelly sat rigid, silent, looking straight at Miss Fairfax; then she rose to her feet.

"I know what you mean. I am like that sister. At present I stand between Richard and wealth and opportunities to follow the art he loves so well. I came into the picture gallery this morning, and saw you as you were standing together by the picture. I heard Richard say that it was not half beautiful enough. I saw him——" She paused, and then went on again in a hoarser voice. "I know what you want me to say now; but I will say nothing till I have seen Richard. Till he and I have arranged our future lives, you must stand aside." She waved her hand in a gesture of unutterable contempt and loathing.

The next moment Nelly had left the room, and Miss Fairfax who had risen too, stood looking after her, the scarlet flush the gesture had brought to her cheeks fading slowly. For a moment her eyes were full of pity, remorse and shame; then suddenly they hardened.

"I have succeeded—she will give him up! He would never have done it. He is so chivalrously generous, so foolishly honorable, he would have clung to his promise to that poor little girl though it would have been ruin for him to marry her."

Strongarm did not return to dinner that evening, and Nelly was absent also, on the plea of a headache. Mrs. Lowndes suspected mischief, but miss Fairfax, languid and lovely and gracefully self possessed, met the searching glances and half-veiled questions of her guardian's wife with complete unresponsiveness. Mrs. Lowndes was no match for her.

About 10 o'clock Miss Fairfax, muffled in furs, slipped out of the house. It was snowing heavily; the wind that had been moaning round the house all the evening was growing more boisterous. As Miss Fairfax stepped out by a side door on to the gravel path, it swept round the shrubbery with such force that she was almost taken off her feet. She was not daunted, however; she hurried on again down the path, drawing her fur mantle closer over her dinner dress, and wondering with throbbing heart whether Richard Strongarm would keep the tryst they had arranged that morning.

At last she reached the pathway from which could be seen the room said to be haunted by the ghostly light. It was a long narrow alley, between hedges of laurel and bay. The night was very dark, but the snow, which was beginning to lie thickly on the pathway and on the shrubs, reflected enough light to enable Miss Fairfax to find her way. At the end of the path was a summer house, to which Miss Fairfax and Richard had that morning, at her suggestion, half laughingly agreed to come to see if the ghostly light was visible.

It was in this summer house that Miss Fairfax meant to draw Strongarm into a confession of love that would make it almost impossible for him to go back. Till now he had resisted all temptation; he was an honorable man, and she knew that he felt his troth to Nelly as binding.

She hurried down the path, her feet treading lightly on the snow, her eyes shining with the love in her heart—for Miss Fairfax loved at last, with her whole heart and soul. The flirtation began in amusement, weariness, mere wanton mischief, had ended for her in an overwhelming love that made her long to lay her wealth at this man's feet, to give him her beauty, her life, her all. She reached the summer house. Yes; he was there!

Miss Fairfax stood outside in the snow, hesitating for a moment; then she moved closer. With the snow flakes drifting against her face, with the wind moaning through the trees about her, with the color fading from her cheeks and lips, with her heart growing colder and colder, she listened and found that Strongarm was not alone. He was speaking in a hoarse unsteady voice.

"And so you really thought, Nelly, that I loved her—that I had forgotten you; you really mean that you were going to tell me that, Nelly? Darling, the very thought fills me with fear!" He must have caught her hands in his, for Miss Fairfax, leaning against the summer house, heard a faint, inarticulate cry. "I was moved by her beauty—heaven forgive me!—but there was never one thought disloyal to you in my mind. It was only her beauty. Do you think I did not know what she was like—that she was a vain, heartless coquette? Oh, Nelly, my darling, I can't bear to mention her in the same breath with you! I was a weak, base coward, if you like—her lovely face moved the weakest part in me—but not one beat of my heart. I came here to-night to meet her. Nelly, don't take your hands away!—because this morning, when we stood side by side, some spirit of evil moved me, and——"

"I know!"

"You know? Nelly, can you forgive me? I don't think I shall ever forgive myself. But I felt that I had insulted her, done her a cowardly wrong and I came here to-night to throw myself upon her generosity. I have been full of shame and misery since. I walked all about this afternoon and evening, not daring to come back and face you till I had her consent to tell you of my disloyalty to you."

Miss Fairfax, clinging to the wall, felt that Richard was generous. She knew that it was she who by raising her face seductively to his that morning, had tempted him to his one act of treachery. She had seen by his eyes a moment after how he despised and hated himself for giving way. But now he took all the blame to himself.

"I will go away, Nelly," he went on, "if you wish it. It is only because I can say, as truly as there is a heaven above us, that I have never once wavered in my love for you that I dare ask for forgiveness."

"She is rich, and——"—"Nelly, Nelly!"

Nelly could not resist the low cry of shame, of humbled pride, of pain, reproach, entreaty. There was a sound like a sob, and then a quick-drawn breath, and Nelly lay clasped in her lover's arms.

Miss Fairfax could not withstand that cry either. She had turned, and was now running up the pathway. She felt neither the cold nor the wind—nothing but a dreadful pain at her heart. She reached the house, and, entering it, hurried up the stairs, unseen by any one, till she reached a distant room where there was no chance of any one coming to disturb her. There was a lamp in the passage outside. Some strange impulse seized her. She was scarcely conscious of what she was doing, being half distracted by her dreadful pain, by the mortification, shame, and remorseful misery that possessed her. She caught up the lamp and carried it into the room, setting it down with a queer little laugh on the window sill. Then she sank down beside it, crouching low on the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break. The lovers outside saw the light, for the room was the one in which Grace used to set a light for her lover.

"I have played with edged tools and have been cut to the quick," exclaimed Miss Fairfax, overwhelmed by her misery and humiliation.

She had used her beauty deliberately to tempt Richard Strongarm to dishonor, and her beauty had stirred in him only a passing emotion.

Fortunes in Candy.

Violets and rose leaves, delicately candied, are for sale at $5 a pound.

Gold drageés, a pure sugar candy dipped in gold, cost $10 a pound. Silver drageés cost $1.50 per pound.

Fruit candies cost 80 cents.

Chocolates and bonbons of the finest description are 80 cents.

Caramels, cups and drops are 50 cents.

Lime tablets, frequently used on steamers to prevent sea sickness, cost 60 cents a pound and come in bottles.

Cream peppermints are also used for steamer purposes by young women and children. These are the same price.

Taffy and molasses drops, besides old fashioned molasses candy, are for sale at 40 cents a pound.

Salted almonds are $1 a pound. Cocoanuts are 80 cents a pound.

Chocolate for eating and cooking purposes can be bought from 40 cents to 65 cents a cake.

Cocoa is 25 cents a cake. Chocolate creams, jellies and nuts are 80 cents a pound.

Satin bags for candies are, when filled, worth $7 each.

Rests for chairs, in lovely designs in lace and painting, are filled with bags of candy and cost $14.

Cap mottoes, for dinners and germans, cost from 25 cents to $3 a dozen.

Dinner favors, in dainty designs of guitars, bags, bouquets and everything beautiful, are to be ordered at from 50c. to $2 each.

Satin boxes cost from $5 to $60; these are hand painted and embroidered, and filled with choice candies they are fit presents for a queen.

Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, Hungarian, Minton, Carlsbad and Moore, for holding candies, are very dainty and elegant. These cost from $8 to $25 each, and are painted frequently in special designs to order.

Twined baskets cost from $3 to $15 each.

Sterling silver bonbonieres, for holding candies, are of the most charming designs. These range in price from $5 to $15.

The choicest of these sterling silver bonbonieres contain Italian mint drops, a rare delicacy.

Bonbonieres for holding drageés are made of handsome enamel. These cost from $5 to $20 each.

Sterling silver dishes for table use, for holding choice candies, cost from $3 to $8 each, and are very elegant.

Boxes of drageés cost 25 cents each and boxes of pastils cost the same price.

The Scandinavian Hades.

According to the Scandinavian mythology all who die bravely in battle are snatched away to Valhalla, Odin's magnificent banquet hall in the sky. Those who, after lives of ignoble labor or inglorious ease, die of sickness, descend to a cold and distant cavern beneath the ground, called Nastrond—i. e., the mist world. This abode is ruled by the goddess of death, whose name is Hel. The place of torment for reprobates is Nastrond, deeper underground than Niflheim, and far toward the frigid north. The grim prison is described in the following passage from the Prose Edda, written in Iceland in the thirteenth century: "In Nastrond there is a vast and direful structure with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, wattled together like wicker work. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and continue to vomit forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or who forswear themselves." According to the Voluspa, a poem of earlier date, the evildoers in Nastrond are also gnawed by the dragon Nidhogg.

THE PIPE-MAJOR'S DAUGHTER

It was 8 o'clock precisely by the dial on the tower in the Crown Square of Edinburgh castle. Eight o'clock, and a raw, miserable morning; one of those November horrors on which the strains of "Johnnie Cope" arouse wrath in the breasts of those they compel to leave bed. The sentry pacing before the hospital noted the hour with evident satisfaction, and nodded a cheery "Good morning" to the orderly bugler, as the latter came leisurely through the covered way leading from the Sergeants' mess.

The bugler looked up at the clock, then, raising the bugle to his lips, blew a blast that made the square re-echo, and sent the "orderly men," as the soldiers are termed who have to act as general servants for the day, full tilt for the several cook-houses. A minute later and the breakfast pipers were heard skirling "coffee up" in the distance, and with the sound the men dismissed from morning parade rushed into the square, en route for the various barrack rooms.

The bugler was still standing at the mouth of the archway, when he heard a step behind him.

"Hillo, Mac," he said, turning, "what are you on?"

"Prisoners' rations," replied Mac, who was laden with some dozen haversacks and as many canteens. "I think the hale o' B Company'll sune be in the guard room if they gang on at this rate."

"Yisterday was pay-day, ye see," returned the bugler, grimming. "They're a' drunk, I expect."

"A' but ane, an' he's the last man I ever thocht to see in the guard room wi' sic a crime against him."

"Wha is't?"

"Bob McLaren."

The bugler whistled.

"What's his crime?" he asked.

"Stolen a watch frae the pipe-major; a gold ane, too, at that."

"Get out!"

"It's true. The pipe-major an' his wife were out last nicht, an' Bob was seen comin' oot o' their quarters just afore they cam' hame. He doesna deny bein' there, but says he kens naething about the watch. It looks ugly for him."

"Ugly or no," burst out the bugler, angrily, "there's nae power o' man that can mak' me believe that Bob McLaren could steal. Man, it's no' in him."

"Well, that may be. Ye ken him better than I dae. There's ae queer a thing about it, though."

"What's that?"

"The dochter. Elsie was in the house at the time, an' she neither saw nor heard anything o' Bob."

"She's been sleepin', 'maist like."

"Her father says no; and though she's a grey haughty madam, I dinna think he wad tell less about her."

"But what on earth could Bob hae been wantin' there?" asked the bugler, in the tone of one utterly puzzled. "He doesna drink, an' he canna hae gone wrong in the nun' a' at once."

"I don't know; but I think I'm wrang in the nun' to stan' ble therein' here till the coffee gats cauld. There'll be a file o' the guard up for me afore I can say clapsticks," and he set off at his best speed across the square.

"Tell Bob I'll come doon an' see him after guard-mountin'," shouted the bugler after him.

"A richt; 'and the ration-carrier vanished in the direction of the stair below Mons Meg.

Relieved from duty on the mounting of the new guard, Bugler Scott took his way to the guard room, intent upon seeing McLaren, and if possible eliciting some explanation of the latter's behavior. In this he was actuated by no feeling of idle curiosity. The two men were close comrades and friends, and Scott felt that if an explanation were forthcoming at all he was the likeliest man in the regiment to obtain it.

He found the prisoners—such of them, that is, as had not been confined on the previous night for drunkenness - absent, they having been sent to pass the doctor prior to appearing before the Colonel in the orderly room.

"Man, Scott," said one of the guards as the bugler seated himself on a bench to await the return of the prisoners, "but this is an ugly scrape your chum has got himself intil. It'll be a district court-martial for him."

"Maybe," replied Scott, dryly, "an' maybe no. A regiment ane might dae—or nane at a'."

"Ye don't think he did it, then?"

"No. I don't."

"What was he dacin' in the pipe-major's quarters ava?" asked another of the guard. "If it werena that the dochter's sic a dorty lass I wad thocht he'd gane to see her. He has a notion o' her, I ken, but she wadna look at a non-com., far less a private."

This was news to Scott, and something like a light shone on his face as he repeated:

"A notion o' wha? Elsie Bain?"

"Ay; she's bonnie enough, is she no?"

Scott did not answer. But what he had heard set him thinking—a process that lasted till the prisoners, to the number of six or seven, were marched into the guard room.

Among them was McLaren, a tall and strikingly handsome young man of about 25. With his erect bearing and frank, fearless face, he looked of all there the very last to stoop to such an act as theft.

Scott followed him into the prisoners' room, and placing his hands on the other's shoulders turned him full to the light. The two men were nearly equal in height, so that the keen blue eyes of the bugler were able to search the brown eyes of the prisoner.

The latter met the scrutiny unflinchingly. But though Scott found no sign of guilt in that answering look, there was pain enough in it to awaken his keenest sympathy for the other's trouble, whatever it might be. He noticed, too, that his comrade's face was very pale, and the lines of his mouth were drawn and hard.

"What's a' this aboot, Bob?" asked the bugler at last.

A faint smile crossed Bob's face.

"It's about a watch, Dick," he said.

"Bother the watch," was the impatient answer; "you had naething to dae wi't."

The prisoner's pale face flushed, as with a quick movement he grasped the speaker's hand.

"But what I want to ken," went on Scott, "is what ye gaed up there for. You were there, ye no'?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I can not tell you, Dick."

Scott stared at him in incredulous surprise.

"D'ye mean to tell me that you'll let this gang on without tryin' to clear yoursel'?"

"There is no other way."

He spoke with a calmness that approached resignation, but the twitching of his lip told how deeply he felt the shame and ignominy of his position.

"Look here, Bob McLaren," said Scott, speaking slowly and earnestly, "we twa hae been chums for three years now, an' never had a quarrel. Ye refused promotion time after time, though ye're fitter for't than any non-com. in the regiment. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Ay, weel, a' at ance, since we cam' to Edinburgh ye hae changed your' mind, an' for some reason or ither hae gane in for promotion heart and soul. What was that reason?"

Bob was silent.

"Ye needna speak," went on the bugler, quietly; "I think I ken already."

The other started, and flashed at the speaker a glance of keen inquiry.

"The pipe-major cam frae the depot to join us when we arrived here three months syne, and," he added dropping the words as if they had been stones, "his wife and dochter cam' wi' him."

Bob's dark face flushed a little and his eyes dilated, but he remained silent.

"Now," continued Scott, "it strikes me that the reason why ye gaed in for promotion an' the cause o' this silly silence are no' far frae ilk ither. The question comes to be is ane or baith o' them worth losin' your character, no' to speak o' stannin a court martial? Come on, comrade, speak oot, and gie me a chance to clear ye. There's nea evidence against ye; the watch canna be gotten; an' if ye can explain what took ye there ye'll get aff."

"I can not."

Before anything further could be said the voice of the sergeant of the guard was heard ordering the prisoners to fall in. Scott hurriedly wrung his companion's hand.

"I'll get at the bottom o' this yet Bob, in spite o' ye," he said.

Bob's eyes glistened, but he smiled and shook his head without speaking.

The orderly room reached, the prisoners were told off, one by one, till it came to Bob's turn. Mechanically obeying the word of command, he entered with his escort, and speedily found himself fronting the table, behind which sat the colonel, attended by a group of officers.

"Eh! What? stealing a watch?" ejaculated the Colonel, when the adjutant had read over the charge. "Call the witnesses."

Pipe Maj. Bain entered and told all he knew, which was very little—simply that he watch had disappeared, and that the whole house had been searched without success in the effort to find it.

"Was there any one in your quarters during your absence—any of your family, I mean?"

"Yes, sir; my daughter."

"And she heard nothing, knows nothing of the prisoner's presence there?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Is she here?"

"No. She left the house to pass the night with a friend in town, and has not come back yet."

"At what time did your wife and yourself return home?

"About 7 o'clock."

"And when did your daughter leave?"

"Some twenty minutes afterwards."

"Um. You are sure she did not know that the prisoner was there?"

"Quite, sir. She would have raised an alarm at once, and would have told us on our return."

"That will do."

The next witness was a private. He had seen Private McLaren, with whom he was more than well acquainted, coming out of the pipe-major's quarters on the previous evening.

"At what time?"

"Twenty-minutes to seven, sir."

"Why are you so sure of the precise hour?"

"Because the defaulter's bugle sounded at the time, and I asked the drummer."

"Are you a defaulter?"

"No, sir."

"Um. That will do.'

The evidence of the witnesses who followed went simply to confirm what had already been told, and as the last of them went out, the Colonel leaned back in his chair and looked keenly at the prisoner.

"Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing, sir."

The Colonel was puzzled. There was that in the man's look and bearing that almost cried out for innocence, and yet what was to be made of his presence in the pipe-major's quarters and obstinate refusal to explain; facts regarding which the Adjutant now enlarged the Colonel's knowledge.

"You were there, you admit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I can not tell you, sir.'

"Won't, you mean?"

"No, sir; not won't—I can not."

Again the Colonel's piercing gray eyes rested on the pale face of the prisoner; a slow, scrutinizing gaze that would have tried severely anything at all approaching conscious guilt. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned to the Adjutant.

"What character does this man bear?"

"One of the best in the regiment, sir."

"So. Well, my lad," turning to the prisoner, "there is something crooked in this business, and I may tell you that I'll have it put straight or know the reason why, and that as surely as my name is Macgregor. You are put back for twenty-four hours. When you come before me again see that you are prepared to speak out. If you do not it will be all the worse for yourself. I'll have no insubordination, either open or veiled, here. Take him away."

"Escort an' prisoner—left turn! Quick—march!" from the Sergeant Major, and Bob found himself without the orderly-room door.

Passing the Argyle Battery, the party met Scott, the bugler. He appeared about to follow them to the guard room, when his eyes fell upon the form of a girl advancing up the roadway, and who was no other than Elsie Bain.

The newcomer, a tall, lady-like young woman of about 19, whose face would have been impressibly winning had it not been for the disdainful expression it wore, looked up as she heard the measured tramp approach.

At first her glance was wholly one of careless indifference, but as it fell on the set, white face of Bob it changed to one of utter surprise, and even alarm. She stopped as though involuntarily, while her great blue eyes sought those of the prisoner questioningly.

He returned the look steadily, a sudden contraction of the forehead showing strong, if brief, emotion. Then he smiled, and it seemed to her that the smile conveyed a promise of some sort.

She was still staring after the party when she heard her name spoken, and turning hastily, confronted Scott.

The bugler had observed the little scene and drawn his own conclusions. Ordinarily, he would not have ventured to address her, the orders against molesting any of the females resident in the castle being very strict. But just then he had a purpose to serve, and in its pursuit resolved no risk being reported.

"I see ye are surprised, Miss Bain," he said. "So am I, for that matter."

"Surprised by what?" she asked, coldly, her beautiful face regaining its old hauteur.

"Seein' Bob McLaren a prisoner, and under such such a charge," was the reply.

"What is against him?

The tone was one of studied carelessness, but it was decidedly overdone, as Scott plainly saw.

"She kens something, or she's hiding' something," he thought. Then fixing his eyes full on her face he said aloud:

"Stealing' a gold watch frae your father's quarters last nicht."

For an instant she appeared to be stupefied, then flushing angrily, exclaimed:

"He was not there last night."

"He was seen comin' oot at twenty minutes to seven," was the steady reply.

A sudden light seemed to break on the girl. She started violently and her face whitened.

"Oh, could it—could it have been him?" she whispered, as if to herself.

"The watch was missed after you left the castle," went on Scott, "an' this morning when Bob was up before the Colonel, he wad tell naething but that he was there, and that he didna steal it. What he gaed there for he winna tell, court-martial or no court-martial. I dinna think he did it."

"And I know he did not," she cried, with so much sudden passion in her voice that her hearer was startled.

He had reason to be so. The girl's face had become suddenly transformed by some strong feeling into all that was sweet and womanly. The scornful look was gone, and the lustrous eyes shone with admiration and new tenderness.

Then before her surprised companion could speak, she had turned from him and was walking swiftly away. He looked after her thoughtfully and when he, too, left the spot it was with more liking for Elsie Bain in his heart than he had ever expected to feel.

Whatever Elsie's faults were, indecision was not one of them, for she at once sought her father.

"Father," she began hurriedly, "do you know if the Colonel has left the castle yet?"

"No," he answered in some surprise, "he's in the orderly room with the Adjutant."

"Will you take me to him now?"

"What for?" Then noticing for the first time her growing agitation, he asked quickly, "Has it anything to do with that affair of McLaren's?"

"Yes. I can clear him."

"You can! Do you know who did it? Was anybody here last night to your knowledge?"

"Yes, Tom was," she replied, faintly.

Her father's brow grew black, and he seemed on the point of breaking out in rage. Then checking himself he said, with an odd touch of grim humor:

"You see what comes of disobeying orders—had up before the Colonel like any other defaulter."

"We'll go to him now. Come,"

Reaching the orderly room they found, to Elsie's great relief, that the Colonel was alone, the Adjutant having retired some minutes before.

"Well, Bain," he said, looking up as they entered, "what is it?"

"My daughter wants to speak to you, sir," replied the other, saluting.

Col. Macgregor glanced at the white face of the girl as she stood before him, and then said, kindly:

"Give her a chair. Now Miss Bain don't be afraid to speak out."

Elsie took the offered seat and began her story. Even her lips grew white as she went on with it, but not once did the clear eyes lose their steady light.

"I came to tell you," she said, "that Private McLaren did not commit the crime with which he is charged. He could not have done so, for at the very time he is said to to have been in the house—"

"Did you see him?" interrupted the Colonel, quickly.

"I did not."

"He was there, nevertheless; but go on."

"And for some time after he left it," continued Elsie, "I was in the room from which the watch must have been taken. It was lying on a table only five minutes before he left the house, and that was just before father came home."

"He! Of whom are you speaking?" again interrupted the Colonel.

"Of her cousin, Tom Steel, my dead sister's son, and as thorough a rascal as ever lived," put in the pipe-major, hotly. "They were sweethearts until I found out what he was, and forbade him to speak to her or come near us. It would have been better for her if she, at least, had followed my wishes."

"I don't think I ever really cared for him," said Elsie, falteringly. "I was only sorry for him, and I never thought he could be a thief."

"But," said the Colonel, "that does not account for McLaren's presence. Can you explain that?"

Her face grew whiter at the question, but her answer was not withheld for a moment.

"Yes, sir. He liked me, and—and I let him come to see me once or twice when I was alone."

The Colonel looked grave and her father's brow darkened. She cast a frightened glance at their faces and went on, hurriedly:

"It was wrong; but—but he was so gentle and kind that—"

Her voice broke. The strain was growing too great. They were silent, and with the strength of one urged on by desperation, she resumed:

"He must have come while Tom was there, and, seeing him, gone away without speaking."

"Ah, I see—jealousy," said the Colonel. "Now Miss Bain, one more question. Do you like him—McLaren?"

Her face flushed hotly as she answered:

"I did not know till this morning; but when I heard that he was going to sacrifice everything—to be branded as a thief and put in prison rather than say one word to hurt me—then I determined to be as good as he is, and that cost me as it might, he should not suffer innocently for my sake. Like him! Yes, I like him—I love him, for he is better than I am."

It was nobly spoken, and as they heard it the faces of the two men broke up like clouds before the sun. Her father caught her to him and kissed her, while the Colonel broke out warmly:

"You are a brave girl: the bravest I ever knew. Not one woman in ten could have done what you have just done. McLaren shall be liberated at once. His innocence shall be published in regimental orders, and I will be a friend to you both. Now, run home, child, and calm yourself, while I talk to your father."

With a grateful glance at the face of the kind-hearted old soldier, the now tearful girl went from the room. As the door closed behind her, the Colonel spoke:

"You ought to be proud of that girl, Bain."

"I am proud of her, sir. She is a soldier's daughter."

"And what of your precious nephew?"

"If I can recover the watch without public exposure, sir, I will do so for my sister's sake; if not, it must go."

"Yes, that will be best. And, Bain—"

"Yes, sir."

"Not one rough word to that girl. I will have McLaren Color Sergeant as soon as may be, and then they can settle things for themselves."

They did. Color Sergeant McLaren has a wife, and no one knows exactly how he got her, except her father, Col. Macgregor and Bugler Scott.

The pipe-major recovered his watch and has not seen his nephew's face since. He does not fret over it.

What is Love?

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that He sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. *The Beloved Disciple.*

What is love?
It is Jesus coming from above:
This is love,—
Perfect love of love.
For the truly good, a friend might even dare to die,—
But 'twas aliens, rebels, sinners brought Him from the sky.
Love's supremest grace
—Glorified—
Is the Heart of Jesus, yearning to redeem the human race.

Love, in deed,
Is the dying Christ, for human need.
What of creed!
Love's divinest deed
—Which the after age of men in clearer light shall laud—
Is the gift He gave to win humanity to God.
When our '*Day's-Man*' died
—Crucified—
All the gates of life and glory were for all men opened wide.

Love, in bloom,
Is '*The Shiloh*' rising from the tomb;
Sharon's Rose
In its fulness glows.
Reconciliation was provided when He died;
By His Resurrection are believers justified.
So His sustenance:
O'er and o'er
Rings the Easter:—'*He is Risen*'. Love is crowned forevermore.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON

"The Elms", Toronto, Ont.

Why the Goat Pined Away.

Mrs. O'Geoghegan—Phat's the matter wid yure goat, Mrs. Rourke? Sure the poor baste do be lookin' thin.

Mrs. Rourke—Yis, sorra's th' day! He swally'd a bottle av Anti-Fat, an' thin tumbled into an excavaytion an' knocked the cork out av it! Sure, he's pining away to a skillyton!

FALL FUN

A rattling game—dice.

An echo is a kind of holler mockery.

A pretty time of night—moonlight.

Money has some human characteristics. It talks and it gets tight.

She started the fire in kerosene,
Blew up and hasn't since benzine!

There is a double significance in saying of a dead shoemaker that he has gone to his last home.

If the conceit was taken out of some people there wouldn't be enough of 'em left to hang clothes on.

"I loved you once," he said, in a reproachful tone. "Well," she responded, "I don't want the earth. Once is enough."

It is a sign that her husband is making money when a woman begins to get the look on her face of looking at you without seeing you.

The unsuccessful actress who married an architect had the satisfaction of knowing that she at least had a husband who could draw houses.

"What is the foremost ambition of a boy?" "To b a man." "And what is the leading ambition of a man?" "To be one of the boys."

Mable (relenting a little, but still a trifle angry)—"Anything I have of yours I will return at once." Charlie (giving her a kiss)—"Well, there's your opportunity."

The bootblack now appears less blue,
Nor mourns a luckless fate;
He's happy for the russet shoe
Is getting out of date.

Susie—"Papa, isn't it murder to kill a hog?" Papa (who is a lawyer)—"Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill, the other is killing with intent to salt."

Landlord—"I want to tell you before you move in that I like to have the rent paid promptly on the first day of each month." Tenant—"That's my style. Either punctually or not at all."

Winter is cold and bleak and dreary,
Spring is Winter in thin disguise
Summer is hot and makes us weary:
On Autumn surely there are no flies.

"Do you know what Bismarck's scheme of the progress of creation is?" asked the Major. "No. What is it?" asked the Judge. "First there was the Creator, next germs, next Germans."

Friend—"You have only been married two weeks and you are fighting already, so I hear, Mrs. Young—"Yes, life's too short to waste any time. I ought to have tackled him two weeks ago."

"And may I go to your father, darling, and ask him the same question?" "Oh, dear, no. He would refuse." "Refuse?" "Certainly. If you asked him to be your wife, what else could he say but no?"

Undeniable Evidence—

The weather seems pleased to give proof of its power
When most unprepared we may roam;
The man's always caught in the heaviest shower
Who leaves his umbrella at home.

Kissing a Girl Without Having Been Shaved.

He passed last Sunday evening with a number of young lady friends.

"I felt sure," said he, "that there was one of them who wanted very badly to be kissed, and I made up my mind to accommodate her if I got a chance. It came when I got up to go. The lady went with me to the door. In the semi-darkness of the hall I put my arm around her gently, turned up her flower face to mine and, holding her fast, pressed my face to her cheeks, kissing her on the forehead, the eyes—such eyes they are—and the rose-red lips. There was a stifled scream and I saw that she was genuinely indignant.

"'I—I beg your pardon' I stammered.

"'Mr. Jones,' snapped she, 'if you ever come here again without having been shaved for a week I'll never speak to you. My face is just raw.

Odd sugar-bowls and cream-jugs of pierced silver are used for the after-dinner coffee.

The very latest style of boa is a heavy ruff formed of tulle, white, gray or black, with a picot edge, and tied behind with long ends of ribbon.

Amy—"Fred, I hear that your engagement with Miss Blesser is broken?" Fred—"Yes, it is." Amy—"It must have been built on the sand to fall so soon." Fred—"I thought it was founded on rocks, but I discovered she hadn't any."

LADIES' JOURNAL
Bible Competition!
NO. 26.

The Old Reliable again to the fore. A splendid list of Rewards.

Don't Delay! Send at Once!

Competition Number Twenty Six opens now at the solicitation of thousands of the old friends and competitors in former contests.

The Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL has nearly forty thousand testimonials as to the fairness with which these Bible Competitions have been conducted.

This competition is to be short and decisive. It will remain open only till the 15th day of December inclusive.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, 1 HEM, 2 ROBE, 3 GARMENT.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the Piano. To the next person, the $100.00 in cash, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm.	$300
Second one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Teacher's Bible, $3	45
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, $20	140
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	20
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces	150
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next seven, each a Ladies Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch, $30	210

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given fifty dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

First, Fifty dollars in cash	$50
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $30	150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next ten, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set, 4 pieces $50	100
Next twenty one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England	250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service, of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsome Silver Plated Sugar Bowl, $5	90
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next fifty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated Button Hook	55

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office post marked 15th December or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60	420
Next nineteen, each a Set of a Dozen Tea Knives, heavily plated, $10	190
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	80
Next twenty one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet new design	5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, a Teachers' Fine, Well Bound Bible, with concordance	100

Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers, for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes.

The prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas Presents to friends, if you wish to use them in that way.

The distribution will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 235,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight. Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c. Knitting Machines, $1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; 'Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Cuffs with turned over points like the collars, which have recently been introduced, are to effeminate for "manly men."

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying: it is equally true that not all is sarsaparilla that is so labelled. If you would be sure of the genuine article, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

Ladies in mourning wear black suede ties.

Merit Appreciated.—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

Small silver letter-openers have a flower top.

"*Gilbert Laird*, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, writes: "I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON.

CHAPTER I.

I'm afraid Mrs. Piggin will have to go," said the rector.

Mr. Sowerbutts, a stout, middle-aged farmer, grunted his dissatisfaction. The other members of the Little Puddington School Board offered no opinion.

"Yes; I think we must give the old lady a quarter's notice, and get rid of her," continued Mr. Dowthwaite. "She is terribly behind the age, there's no doubt of that. The school has earned hardly any grant for the last two years."

Mr. Sowerbutts gave another grunt, meaning to express thereby his contempt alike for Mrs. Piggin's grant earning powers, the grant, and the Education Department.

"I expect in another year the Inspector will bring down the wrath of the department upon us in earnest. Perhaps they will dissolve the board and order the election of a new one."

"That won't do, nehow," said Mr. Sowerbutts, decisively.

"Then Mr. Sowerbutts moves that the present holder of the office of schoolmistress be invited to resign, and that the Chairman be requested to insert advertisements for a new teacher in the *Church Times* and other newspapers," said Mr. Dowthwaite, making a jotting of the motion as he spoke. "Mr. Wintle seconds the motion," he added, with a glance in the direction of that gentleman. Mr. Wintle, whose eyes had been fixed the whole time on the rector's face, gravely nodded; and the rector rose from his chair to intimate that the meeting was at an end.

Mr. Dowthwaite spent the whole of the afternoon in drafting an advertisement and sending copies of it to various clerical and scholastic newspapers. "Must be a sound churchwoman. One able to play the harmonium preferred," he added to the list of requirements. There was a standing difficulty about getting a not utterly incompetent performer on the harmonium at Little Puddington; and the good rector thought he might as well make the obnoxious Education act useful for once.

The interview with Mrs. Piggin he deferred till the following morning, as being the most unpleasant part of the business. It went off, however, better than he had feared. By degrees he got the old lady to understand that if she sent in her resignation it would be gratefully accepted, and she would be considered as having put the parish and the country generally under an obligation.

"You see, Mrs. Piggin, we are obliged to follow the times," said good-natured Mr. Dowthwaite, in an apologetic tone. "We can't afford to lose the grant another year, we really can't."

"Oh, I suppose not, Sir," said Mrs. Piggin, fixing her eyes on the rector's face. "I've been schoolmistress in this parish for two an' twenty years, an' we've done very well without any grant. I've brought up my children to learn their catechism and do their duty, like their fathers before them. I can't teach French an' drorin', an' such like; and much good it would do them if I could. However, I've saved enough, thank Heaven, to be independent of every one; and — Betsy Jane Pugh, stop talkin' and go on with your sum, or it'll be the worse for ye."

The rector listened in silence, and finally made his escape, thankful that the most disagreeable part of his duty as a reformer was over.

But his difficulties were by no means at an end. The day after his advertisement appeared he received one hundred and twenty-seven applications for the vacant post; the next day brought him two hundred and thirteen; the third day produced ninety-six. All the applicants were able to teach every necessary subject, as well as several which were not necessary, and every one was able to produce testimonials of the highest possible character.

In his despair the rector turned to his sister-in-law, Miss Jordan, who had kept his house since the death of his wife, and humbly sued for her advice and assistance. But Miss Jordan was an elderly lady, with strong, old-fashioned prejudices, and she objected to the new scheme altogether. She sarcastically advised the reinstallment of Mrs. Piggin—a course which was plainly out of the question. Mr. Dowthwaite then turned for help to his curate, the Rev. Augustine Cope, a meek and gentlemanly young man, who acted as unpaid secretary to the rector when there was anything troublesome to be done. Mr. Cope took the mass of papers home to his lodgings and made an attempt to select a few of the most promising applications from the others. At the end of four hours' work, however, he found that his list contained no fewer than forty-nine names—an obviously impracticable number.

At the next monthly meeting of the board matters were no further advanced. The table of the morning room at the rectory—which served as a board room—was covered with letters of application and copies of testimonials; and the members of the board sat gaping at the piles of documents in helpless dismay.

"Well, gentlemen," began Mr. Dowthwaite with a very vague notion of what the rest of his sentence was to be, when a knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in," he cried.

"Please, Sir," said Thomas, "there's a Lady wishes to see you."

"But I am engaged, Thomas."

"But this lady has called about the School Board."

"An applicant? It is rather irregular, certainly. I particularly mentioned in the advertisements that no personal applications were to be allowed," said the Chairman to his fellow-laborers, "However, since the young person is here, we may as well see her. Show her in, Thomas."

A moment afterward a slim, upright figure, in a dainty Summer costume, appeared in the doorway, and the farmers present rose instinctively to their feet. Only the rector retained his presence of mind.

"Thomas, set a chair," said he.

The young lady bowed with the utmost self-possession, and took the seat which was offered her. She was decidedly pretty. There was no doubt of that, in spite of her paleness and her thin lips. Her fair hair was brought down smoothly over a brow as white as any woman could desire; her features were all delicately formed, her eyes being especially attractive. Her age it might have been difficult to guess; a man would have admitted that she might be over twenty; a woman would have said she did not look thirty.

"Your name is—Miss—ah? Miss Grayling?" asked the rector, referring to the card which Thomas had handed to him.

The young lady bowed. As she lifted her head, she saw that the rector was still scrutinizing the card, and she comprehended the other members of the board in one swift glance, finishing with the curate. Mr. Cope dropped his eyes. Miss Grayling smiled inwardly.

"And you have come about the vacancy in the parish school, I understand?" inquired the rector.

Again Miss Grayling bowed without speaking.

"I particularly requested that no personal applications were to be made," said the rector, in an injured tone.

Miss Grayling gave a little sigh.

"I was afraid I had done wrong," she said, with her eyes on the carpet; "but I was so anxious that my application should not be overlooked. If you would kindly excuse my coming, I think you would find my testimonials satisfactory."

As she spoke, she lifted her eyes to those of the reverend gentleman, dropping them immediately in a very modest and becoming manner.

Mr. Dowthwaite was mollified.

"Where have you been teaching?" he asked.

She mentioned the name of a village in Yorkshire, and Mr. Cope busied himself in hunting up her letter of application and her testimonial from a large bundle of similar documents. Having found them, he laid them before the rector in silence.

"Not very much experience; not so much as we could have wished—only six months," said the rector. "Now, we particularly wanted a certificated teacher."

"I have little doubt that I could pass the examinations if you think it desirable," said Miss Grayling quietly; "but I think I may say I am capable of teaching the village children everything necessary."

It was, indeed, absurd to imagine that this elegant young lady was not capable of acting as preceptor to Betsy Jane Pugh and her companions; and the rector, feeling this, tossed the rather scanty testimonials aside.

"I ought to tell you," he said, "that this is a very modest appointment. You know the salary is not large, and depends partly on the Government grant earned by the school. The position is not—ah!—not an exalted one. By the way," he exclaimed, suddenly, "can you play the harmonium?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Grayling, with a bright and pleasant smile.

"Ah—well—we will consider your application," said Mr. Dowthwaite, shuffling the papers before him rather nervously.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Grayling, in a low, earnest tone, as she slowly raised her graceful form from her seat: "but would you allow me to wait in the hall, or the kitchen, or anywhere, till my case is decided on? I have a long journey before me, and if you could—?"

She did not finish her sentence; but she glanced at the other members of the board as she spoke. Mr. Sowerbutts and his friends had not, meantime, spoken a word; but now they uttered a half-articulate murmur, and the rector bowed in a stiff but courteous fashion. The modest request was granted, and Miss Grayling withdrew.

Somehow, the young lady had made the board feel that she was, in a sense, awaiting their verdict—that her fate hung in their hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Dowthwaite "I don't know that we could do better. This young —ah!—person is recommended, by the"—lifting his double eyeglasses to his nose—"the vicar of Little Shenstone. There can be little doubt as to her capability to undertake the duties. And really, if we began hunting through all these papers, we might go further and fare worse."

"Ear, 'ear," murmured Mr. Sowerbutts, in a hollow, base voice, tapping the point of his stick gently on the floor, and accordingly it was settled that Miss Laura Hill Grayling should be appointed to the vacant office.

CHAPTER II.

In the course of a month the new schoolmistress entered upon her duties. The village children regarded her with mingled admiration and awe as she came into the little schoolroom for the first time in her spotless morning gown. The dress was only of cotton, but it was neatly, even stylishly made. They gazed with wonder and delight as Miss Grayling contemptuously flung poor Mrs. Piggin's cane into the empty fireplace, and they promised themselves golden days for the future.

In that particular, however, they were disappointed. The new teacher, they soon discovered, was not to be trifled with. They had to work harder than they had ever done before; but they did not grumble. They literally worshipped their schoolmistress and would no more have thought of disobeying her than of disputing the authority of the village constable.

When the rector visited the school every Monday morning he was delighted with the order that reigned there. He thought Miss Grayling a very exemplary and superior young woman. He lent her books. He gave her much advice as to her work, with which he had not thought it worth while to trouble good Mrs. Piggin, and his counsels were invariably received with a charming deference.

It was the custom at Little Puddington for the curate to give the school children a lesson in Bible history on Wednesday afternoon; and Mr. Cope looked forward to his first lesson under Miss Grayling's auspices with some inward trepidation. In spite of himself he felt a certain tremor as he addressed the new teacher, and yet he found himself continually desiring to speak to her. By degrees, however, this wore off; and he came to look forward to Wednesday afternoons as pleasant interludes in his rather monotonous weeks. He, too, was solicitous for the new teacher's mental pabulum, and lent her books, beginning with popular history books, going on to Sunday afternoon tales, and finally reaching the stage of undeniable yellow-backed novels. Miss Grayling smiled to herself as she placed Mr. Cope's "Orley Farm" in her desk beside Mr. Dowthwaite's "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family."

But everybody liked Miss Grayling. The children's mothers looked on her as a superior being. Even cross old Miss Sowerbutts, at the Mount Farm, liked to have her go over on a Thursday afternoon, when John was at market, drink a cup of tea with her, and enlighten her as to the real fashions as worn in London. The only person who did not join in the chorus of approbation was Miss Jordan, the rector's sister-in-law.

"Don't you think we were very fortunate in getting such a superior mistress in Mrs. Piggin's place?" said the rector to his sister-in-law one Sunday after church.

"I dare say," said Miss Jordan.

"There is a marked improvement in the behavior of the children, both at church and in school," continued the rector, in rather a magisterial way, as if to resent the impeachment of an undue partiality for Miss Grayling, which was visible in Miss Jordan's face.

"The boys don't make half so much noise in going out of church before the sermon as they used to do," continued the parson.

"I've no doubt the young woman is very well fitted for her place," said Miss Jordan.

"Dear me!" said the rector to himself, "it's odd how few women can forgive another woman, in a somewhat lower rank of life, for having a pretty face and an attractive manner!" Whatever the reason, it was plain that Miss Jordan was not captivated by the new mistress. They avoided each other, as if by mutual consent.

It happened that one afternoon, in early Summer, Miss Grayling had gone up to the Mount Farm, by invitation, to drink tea with Miss Sowerbutts. It was a Thursday—a day when the farmers always attended market at the neighboring town of Groby.

"I must make haste and get home before dark," said Miss Grayling, as the day began to close; and she went up to put on her bonnet. The operation, however, took some little time, as it was diversified by an exhibition of Miss Sowerbutt's mother's wedding dress, and various other pieces of raiment of a quite remote antiquity, in all of which Miss Grayling took keen interest.

"I declare it's getting quite dark," exclaimed the schoolmistress at last, as she threw on her hat in a great hurry and went down stairs with her hostess. Arrived in the garden, however, it was impossible to go without a morsel of Mrs. Sowerbutt's delicious sweet-briar; the peas, too, were in a most interesting state of development, and by the time they had been duly admired, the farmer's burly form was seen slowly advancing between the hedge-rows, borne onward by his gig and his good mare, Jess.

Certainly Miss Grayling looked a pretty figure as she stood at the porch of the farmhouse shaking hands with its mistress.

"Well, Miss, and how are yo?" said Mr. Sowerbutts, with a very red face, as he leaned out of the gig to shake hands with his sister's visitor.

"Very well, thank you. But I must say good evening. I really must get home before dark."

"What's the need for that? Jess and I mun see thee home."

"Oh, no, no! I couldn't think of such a thing. You must be so tired, and the poor horse, too. Good-bye." And Miss Grayling took a hasty farewell of her friend, and ran down the roadway with the prettiest little steps in the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Sowerbutts was slowly turning round the unwilling Jess.

"But, John, the mare will be overdone. She can find her way home. Or I'll send Jacob with her," said Miss Sowerbutts, regretting in her heart that she had ever invited the schoolmistress to the farm.

To this John made no reply, and having succeeded in turning the horse and gig he speedily overtook Miss Grayling, who was walking on ahead in the most determined manner.

"Whoa! who-a!" cried Mr. Sowerbutts to the mare. "Now, Miss, will 'ee get in?" And he held back the apron as he spoke.

"Really I can't—I can't take you back to Puddington after your journey;" and Miss Grayling stood hesitating. "No," she said, more firmly, as Mr. Sowerbutts only sat and looked at her without speaking; "there is really no necessity for it."

"If I ask ye to come I mean it," said the farmer, "an' I take it as a favor."

"Oh, if you put it so politely, I shall be very happy," said Miss Grayling, as she held up her little gloved hand and was hoisted into the gig.

It was, after all, only a mile and a half to the village. For the first minute nothing was said.

"You plays that there 'armonium in church beautiful," said Mr. Sowerbutts, at length.

Miss Grayling laughed and turned her smiling face upon her companion.

"Do you think so? I'm not so sure of that myself," said she.

"Beautiful!" responded Mr. Sowerbutts, with emphasis. "And settin' there, in the chancel, with the red windows shining on yer 'ead, you look like a saint in glory!"

"Oh, Mr. Sowerbutts! you really shouldn't be so very complimentary," said Miss Grayling, tranquilly. "And now, tell me how things went at market to-day."

The conversation thus took a more prosaic turn, and Miss Grayling evinced the deepest interest in the price of hay, calves and other agricultural topics, until they reached the cottage in which she lived.

CHAPTER III.

The Government inspection was always one of the events of the year at Little Puddington. It generally took place in the end of August. The Inspector was an elderly gentleman, whose proper name was Christopher Wensby; but whose ordinary name among the teachers of his district was "The Walrus," from the fact that his bald forehead and white moustache pointing downward in a straight line on each side of his mouth gave him a decided resemblance to that creature. Report stated that Mr. Wensby and Miss Jordan had had tender, or some-

tender, passages at some remote epoch. At any rate, they were very good friends; and Mr. Wensby always dined at the rectory once a year, when his toils in the little village school room were over. The day came; the inspection was duly performed; and at the end of the day Mr. Wensby sat down at the rector's hospitable table.

"And what do you think of our new mistress?" asked the rector, as he began to carve the joint.

"A very superior person—very superior person indeed," returned the Inspector.

Miss Jordan's chin was lifted a little higher in the air as this answer was given; but the gesture went unnoticed.

"Ah! Glad you think so. We consider her quite an acquisition," said Mr. Dowthwaite.

"Yes; there seemed an improvement in all directions," continued Mr. Wensby; "but especially in the needlework. Under the former mistress the needlework was very clumsy; now it is admirable."

Miss Jordan smiled incredulously.

"I assure you I have received very neat specimens of buttonholing," said the Inspector. "The department cannot fail to be pleased with them. I can show you them after dinner, if you like."

"I should very much like to see them," said Miss Jordan, dryly.

After dinner, accordingly, the specimens were produced, and very neatly executed they were.

"I don't believe our girls ever did that work," said Miss Jordan, solemnly, as she bent over the buttonholes.

"But I saw them?" ejaculated Mr. Wensby.

"Saw the stuff in their hands, I dare say," returned the lady. "What do gentlemen know about things of that sort?" she added, contemptuously.

"I have always to report as to the quality of the needlework," said the Inspector, stiffly, and with a slight blush. "But if you assure me, from your own knowledge of the children,' that they could not have done this work themselvees it will be my duty to institute further inquiry."

"I am certain of it," said Miss Jordan.

That evening Mr. Wensby compared notes with his host, and the rector confessed that he was surprised secretly, he was startled to find what a large number of "attendances" had been made, even by the most irregular of the village children.

"We have a board meeting to-morrow," said Mr. Dowthwaite.

"Then ask Miss Grayling to attend it," said Mr. Wensby, "and ask her whether the children actually did the needlework themselves. If she says they did, I will fix a day—some one over in about three weeks—to see them do some more specimens; and Miss Jordan can be present. If there is a marked discrepency between the two sets of work—why, of course, I must report accordingly; and you can consider the matter at the next board meeting."

All this made the rector feel very uncomfortable. But there was no help for it, and the next day he sent a verbal message to the schoolmistress, requesting her to step over to the rectory, where the School Board was then sitting

"Miss Grayling," said the rector, not without embarassment, "I believe that her Majesty's Inspector will be able to report very favorably of the condition of the school." Miss Grayling bowed politely. "There is one point, however, on which I should like to ask you one or two questions. These pieces of sewing, now"—and he produced them from a drawer as he spoke—"seem to me very neat, very creditable; but are you sure that the children whose names are attached to them did them themselves, unaided?"

"Quite sure," said Miss Grayling tranquilty.

"And the attendances—they seem much larger than they used to be. Are you sure you have kept the register accurately?"

"Perfectly sure," said Miss Grayling, looking the clergyman full in the face.

One or two members of the board moved uneasily in their seats, and Mr. Sowerbutts seemed to be on the point of protesting audibly against these aspersions on Miss Grayling's good faith. The rector felt very uncomfortable

"Very good, Miss Grayling," he said: "I am glad to hear you say so. And I think we needn't detain you any longer."

The schoolmistress slowly rose, bowed in her usual dignified manner, and withdrew.

Before long it got abroad in Little Puddington that Miss Grayling was in disgrace, or at least in a condition of suspended favor. Various reasons were given for this, the most popular theory being that the new mistress had been caught stealing the school pence. The matter was discussed in the alehouses, at the doors of the cottages, in the churchyard after service. Through it all Miss Grayling went on her way, serene as usual, preserving exactly the same manner to every one as if the voice of scandal had never mentioned her name.

A little before 6 o'clock one evening the Rev. Augustine Cope knocked at the door of the pretty cottage in which Miss Grayling lived. For some months—ever since he had first seen her, in fact—the susceptible curate had been under the spell of the young lady's sweet brown eyes. He had struggled with himself long and manfully. He was not in a position to marry and Miss Grayling was not a suitable match for him. He knew all that very well. He did not like to think of what his aunts, Miss Cope and Miss Georgina Cope, would say on being presented with a village schoolmistress for a niece. But, then, he had not looked on the face of any other woman who could be called a lady—save Miss Jordan's—for nearly eight months. He was in love; he could not help it; and now this unpleasant matter added at once to his love and to his embarrassment. Even now he did not know his own mind. His ostensible object was to exchange one of the harmless novels, with which he now kept Miss Grayling well supplied, for another of the same type.

"Miss Grayling," began the curate, as he seated himself in the little parlor, "this can not be true!"

"What is not true?"

"These shameful accusations, these aspersions—"

"Of course not, and I did not think that you, Mr. Cope, would pay any attention to them," said the schoolmistress, with quiet dignity.

"Oh, no! not for worlds!" exclaimed the curate; "I believe in you as I would in a saint! Dear Miss Grayling—Laura—I may call you Laura?—I find it difficult to say how I feel for you—and how much I long to shield you from the calumnies and troubles of the world in the shelter of an honest man's love."

As he spoke, the curate took Miss Grayling's white and well-formed fingers between his own.

"I offer you my heart and all I have," he continued, his eyes searching her downcast face. "Alas! that it is so little! I know well we cannot marry on my present stipend, but I have youth and strength on myside. Sooner or later I must get a living, and then—and then—Oh, Laura! say that you love me!"

"Mr. Cope, I feel honored and flattered more than I can say, and my heart tells me it is not indifferent to you, but—"

She paused, and the tones of the church clock striking fell on her ear.

"Mr. Cope!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her fingers as she spoke, "you are more than generous, but I cannot trust myself to give you an answer now. I must not be rash, or unjust to you. Leave me now—leave me, I beg you. I will write to you to-morrow."

Somewhat surprised at this sudden dismissal, the agitated curate took his hat and stick and departed.

Next day he received a daintily-scented note from Miss Grayling, in which she said that, much as she honored, him and highly as she valued his friendship, she could see that it was not for his interest to marry a dowerless girl, and she therefore declined his proposal. Her decision, she added, was quite "irrevocable." There was but one "r" in irrevocable," and somehow this circumstance did something toward mitigating the grief with which Mr. Cope received his letter of dismissal.

The testing examination, which was to confirm or overthrow Miss Grayling's reputation, was fixed for a Friday afternoon. The School Board meeting happened to fall on the following day, Saturday.

At 3 o'clock on Friday Mr. Wensby arrived, and Mr. Dowthwaite and Miss Jordan went with him to the schoolhouse. The children were all there, with clean pinafores and shining faces, but Miss Grayling was absent. Miss Jordan's face wore a peculiar smile as one of the older girls informed the rector that Miss Grayling had not been at home for three days.

Miss Jordan soon set the children to work, and in five minutes the Inspector was convinced by the clearest evidence that not one of the schoolgirls could make even a decent buttonhole, much less one like those contained in the specimens.

"You had better get rid of your superior young person as soon as you can," he said to Mr. Dowthwaite, as they went back to the rectory.

Next morning, however, when the School Board met they found a letter awaiting them from Miss Grayling, in which she said that in consequence of the undeserved aspersions which had been thrown upon her management of the school she felt that the course most consistent with her dignity was to resign the post which she had had the honor of holding.

The rector was indignant, and moved that Miss Grayling's resignation be not accepted, but that in consequence of the revelations that had been made she be summarily dismissed. Mr. Sowerbutts was not present, but the other members of the board, who had but a very limited idea of the heinousness of Miss Grayling's offense, murmured at the severity of the sentence, and at last the rector was persuaded to let the resignation be accepted.

The following day was Sunday. It was the curate's turn to preach, the rector's to read prayers. The choir and the school children were in their places, and Miss Jordan scanned the congregation with an approving glance from the rectory pew.

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us," began the rector.

At that moment an unwonted rustle was heard at the door, a subdued murmur ran through the assembled worshippers, and the rector, lifting his eyes, beheld the ex-schoolmistress moving up the aisle on the arm of Mr. Sowerbutts! There could be no doubt of what had happened. The curate received a shock such as he had never before experienced. Miss Jordan forgot herself in her amazement, and stared at the bride as if she had been a ghost. Mr. Sowerbutts tramped stolidly on till he reached his own pew, and then, having dully installed his wife therein, began to say the responses in a louder tone than usual.

The bride, in a dainty Parisian bonnet, looked very pretty. Her triumph was complete. Miss Sowerbutts retired to a cottage which she owned in the outskirts of Groby, and the schoolmistress reigned over the Mount Farm and its owner with gentle but firm sway.

When Mr. Wensby came to Little Puddington for the next annual inspection he was proceeding to the schoolhouse in state, bearing Miss Jordan on his arm and escorted by the rector, when the party met a pony carriage, in which was seated a pretty and beautifully dressed woman. The lady bowed graciously to Mr. Wensby, and he, not remembering the circumstances under which he had last seen that attractive smile, returned the salute. Mrs. Sowerbutts glanced at Miss Jordan and smiled maliciously. Miss Jordan dropped her hand from her companion's arm, and the rector, stepping forward, whispered something in his friend's ear.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Inspector; "that woman! I hadn't an idea how she was, I assure you. Thought I knew the face—that was all."

But Miss Jordan had suddenly become deaf, and on the subject of the senior churchwarden's wife she continued to be deaf for the remainder of her days.

The Womanly Woman.

In these days when so many women are assuming portions of masculine dress, and with it possibly a degree of masculine mannerism, it is well to keep before the eye some of the standards of womanliness.

It does not follow that a woman is necessarily or offensively strong-minded, to borrow an unmeaning phrase, because she has assumed masculine fashions in dress as far as practicable; but, rather, that she has reached the conclusion that that is the most convenient and becoming dress to her, or that it happens to be a whim in her own especial coterie to dress that way. Yet if the contrary were true, the fact of the strong-minded peculiarity would not at all affect her womanliness, since the point has been yielded that women really do have minds and may use them. But the truth is that we cannot quite disassociate a woman from her dress, and she loses, perhaps, a little effect of tenderness, loses a little rendering of deference, by means of it, if it is of the manly order.

The first element of our idea of womanliness, is of course, external, and is derived from gentleness of bearing, from movements not so soft as to be subtle, not so slow as to be indolent; yet there may even be swift and brisk motion, with this ideal in action retained, provided there be nothing rude or boisterous, and the personality be sufficient to buoy up the I—slow movements better becoming a large woman, and a slight woman losing nothing by them more rapid. This, however—that which first arrests the eye—is a merely superficial thing, and is like the expression of the face, where a bold and defiant cast of countenance repels and seems unfeminine, and a sweet and kindly one tells an attractive story of the inner nature.

It is in this inner nature as it expresses itself outwardly, after all, that this quality lies which we are in the habit of calling womanliness. It is in the gracious exterior of kindness, the sincere and delicate courtesy that would put all about one at ease; the shrinking from evil even in the hearing of it, to say nothing of refusal to speak evil; the ready sympathy that is sorry with your sorrow and glad with your joy, that knows how to give comfort and cheer and put the bright side forward to oppose despondency, the opening of arms to the child stranger or familiar; it is, on occasion, the smoother speech than any flow of words—the speech of silence; it is the sunny smile, the musical voice, the obtrusive seemliness, the capacity for reverence; and, when all the rest is said, it is, the garb and garment put on with just the right touch, the sufficient regard for appearance, the choice of well-blended colors, the due attention to laces and ribbons and perfumes and flowers, and those things which are the distinctive trifles of femininity.

To every distinct quality belongs its own kingdom. The woman who can stride round her farm and keep her workmen in proper subjection, who can drive her yoke of oxen afield, red and blowzed and muscular, has her own rule and empery; but it is not of the sort of which we are speaking. There was not, perhaps, much womanliness about such individuals as Elizabeth of England, or Catherine of Russia, or Christina of Sweden; all their lovers put together could not give them a charm they did not possess—the charm of Mary Stuart, of Josephine; for the possession of lovers by no means proves the possession of this charm. Yet where one accomplishes her ends by mastery of purpose and manner, many women accomplish theirs by using the iron hand, it may be, but always in the velvet glove; their will is no less strong because it is not made evident in season and out of season although, in fact, the gracefuly yielding of that will now and then is a strengthener of all the bonds by which empire is held.

The masculine woman is strong only with other women and with womanish men. The womanly woman conquers every one. With men her power is in the inverse ratio of her approach to anything resembling themselves; the woman, not the man in her, attracts; and, singularly enough, her power is greater with most women also from this heightening of her feminine side. This, however, is a very insignificant matter beside the circumstance that a woman is fulfilling her destiny, and living the life appointed her, and developing herself on the lines of nature, by keeping in view the greater use she can be, and the greater joy and comfort she can give, through the exercise of those traits which seem to have been set apart for her characterization. And if it is the intention of nature that the qualities of the sexes shall so differentiate, it is not the part of wisdom for her to contravene such intention and make of herself that conglomerate and hybrid thing, a masculine woman. The old story of the vine and the oak does not come into this question. In the womanly woman the growth is as strong and integral and self-supporting as it is in the manly man. She is as distinct an entity, and she is more in unison with eternal purposes and the creative power, the more utterly and thoroughly she is womanly.

A Dream of Fair Children.

The little Kings and Queens of old,
  The baby Princes fair,
Drift like a pageant through my dreams,
  As down a palace stair.
They lift their wise or wistful eyes
  Then melt away in air.

A child above a missal bends,
  Beside his mother's knee
Fair Alfred, always great and good—
  And just behind I see
The six boy Kings of Dunstan's time
  Pass swiftly—three and three.

And Arthur, child of fate; and she
  Of Normandy the flower;
And Joan of Arc, the mystic child
  And the Princes in the Tower;
And sweet Jane Gray, the martyred maid
  Who reigned her little hour

And see! along the vale of France,
  And through the Saxon lands,
The children of the holy cross
  Flow past in chanting bands;
The shade of doom is on their brows,
  The cross is in their hand

O, little children of the past,
  Your tender smile and tears,
Your royal rights and cruel wrongs,
  Your childish hopes and fears,
Still touch our hearts to love and pain
  Through all the count of years

A Disobedient Patient.

Irate Patron—"You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?"

Dr. Quack—"Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed."

"My son took your medicine for a year and died an hour after the last dose."

"My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years."

Mineral Water for Heart Disease.

The following interesting and valuable paper is by an eminent Paris physician: The advisability of the use of mineral waters in the treatment of diseases of the heart is a question that has been not a little discussed of recent times, and during the last few years the waters of Aix-les-Baines, of the Mount Dore and the mud baths of Dax have been especially recommended.

The use of the latter, when they are handled with skill, is quite supported by the heart. They give it a relative amount of rest by lowering the arterial tension without hastening its contractions and at the same time they act as an energetic stimulant to the general nutrition of the body, which may possibly have a certain influence over the different forms of myocarditis, which are, after all, connected in some way with a disorder in the cardiac nutrition.

This physiological action justifies in a measure the use of certain springs and mud baths in the treatment of diseases of the heart, but I cannot go so far as to share the conviction of a certain class of physicians who are in favor of sending rheumatic patients with heart trouble to some warm mineral spring at the earliest possible moment—in other words, twenty-five or thirty days after the acute cardiac manifestations have disappeared—in the dangerous hope that the more recent the lesion the greater the chances of its being benefitted by the waters.

HYDRO-MINERAL TREATMENT BAD FOR OLD VALVULAR COMPLAINTS.

As a general thing valvular complaints of long standing are an absolute counter indication to all hydro-mineral treatment of whatever kind it may be.

The only things that we ought to treat and that we can treat are the general diseases under the influence of which cardiac trouble is produced and grows. I refer especially to rheumatic complaints. At the Mount Lore, at Neris, at La Malore, at the Eaux Chaudes, at Chaudesaigues, at Saint Nectaire, at Nauheim and sometimes at Aix-les-Bains, the fits of palpitation and of oppression, and in some rare cases, the cardiac murmurs of certain rheumatic patients have been observed to disappear.

Certain cases are cited in which Bourbon-l'Archambault has caused pericardiac deposits to disappear. Young patients suffering from repeated acute rheumatic attacks and with aortic insufficiency have been known to bear for many years an energetic treatment at Dax without being at all inconvenienced thereby and have had their rheumatic manifestations greatly benefited without increasing in any way their cardiac lesions.

The conclusion which I draw from all these facts is that certain mineral waters and mud baths can be used with perfect safety with young rheumatic patients with whom the cardiac disorders are neither too recent nor too far gone, with whom the compensation is well established, and especially with whom there are no signs of endarteritis.

But to infer from these facts that all diseases of the heart can be benefited be mineral springs or mud baths is an immense mistake, as the two ideas are separated by a vast abyss which will not be closed for many a day yet.

TREATMENT OF MYOCARDITIS.

A very interesting chapter could be written on the hydro-mineral treatment of the different forms of myocarditis, but in the present state of our knowledge we have not at our disposal the facts which could give to such a chapter the indispensable clinical basis of which it stands in need. I shall, therefore, be obliged to place myself on a purely theoretical standground, but at the same time on one that may at some future day be the starting point of a rational line of therapeutics.

The pathogenesis of the different forms of chronic myocarditis is still a mystery as regards its essential, anatomical process at any rate. What the bond is which connects the arthritic diathesis to the different cardiac scleroses no one is in a position to say; we do not, therefore, know of any form of preventive therapeutics.

Now the study of the disorders in the nutrition of arthritic patients with arterio sclerosis and myocarditis has led me to the following theory:—

One of the characteristic points in the nutrition of uricemic patients, for instance, is the presence in excess in the plasmata of different products of hydratation and of waste, of nitrogenous or ternary nature, with marked *irritating* properties and difficult to eliminate on account of their little solubility. The muscular fibres of the heart, which are in direct contact with a lympathic cavity, pour into it constantly products of this nature. If the elimination of these products is lessened for one reason or another, (superabundance of waste products, temporary insufficiency of the passages by which they are carried off, sluggishness of the lympathic current, &c.) these products will exercise their power of irritation on the intra-cardiac connective tissue, which will proliferate, while the muscular fibre will react and become hypertrophied. Such will be the first act of an interstitial myocarditis, of which the ulterior evolution will depend on the length and degree of the source of irritation and on the nutrition of the muscular fibre.

In presence of a pathogenesis such as this what should theoretically be the treatment to be advised? It will be a treatment capable of putting a stop to the unnatural process of disassimilation which is producing these irritating substances, to hasten the lymphatic circulation and to favor all forms of elimination; it is, therefore, a treatment which both lessens the formation of irritating products and also the length of time during which they remain in the lymphatic spaces of the heart, in order to reduce to a minimum the interstitial process of irritation, which is the greater number of cases of myocarditis.

MINERAL WATERS BETTER THAN DRUGS.

Certain mineral waters can fulfil this purpose far better than all the drugs of the pharmacopeia put together. I will take for example the treatment at Aix-les-Bains.

Let us imagine a patient of hereditary arthritic temperament, with a slight degree of arteric sclerosis, not very active, following the sedentary life led by fashionable women in the country, endowed with a vigorous appetite, and satisfying it very fully at a well provided table. Little by little she notices that she loses her breath in walking; she has palpitations and irregular movements of the heart, but the ear can detect no abnormal sounds by auscultation. Slight, painful manifestations of rheumatic nature attract the attention of her physician, who advises a course of treatment at Aix-les-Bains. While there she takes a douche massage for ten minutes every other day and a short bath on the intervening days. At the end of three weeks she is obliged to interrupt the course of treatment, during which the cardiac symptoms had not seemed to have been affected in any way; but on returning to her home she soon perceives that she can now walk more easily, that she is less liable to get out of breath and that she has fewer and less intense palpitations. On comparing the analyses of urine made before and after the treatment, it is found that under its influence the process of disassimilation has been modified and that the extractive substance and uric acid, which are irritating for the different tissues, have diminished in quantity.

Have we not the right to think that there is some connection between these changes in the nutrition of the elements and the improvement in the functional cardiac symptoms? And as this patient, who is already affected with arterio sclerosis and in all likelihood predestined to interstitial myocarditis, finds that the symptoms, however slight they may have been, which betrayed the first stage of the disease, are lessened, can we not establish a relation from cause to effect between our therapeutical action and the result that has been obtained, and deduce a species of proof in support of the truth of the pathogenesis which I formulated a little above?

THE WALKING CURE.

The walking cure, which, connected with a special *regime*, has given such good results to certain physicians in Germany in the treatment of fat around the heart, probably acts in a similar way. Absolute quiet, which has for so long been enforced with cardiac patients, does them actual harm in some cases, as it favors the stagnation of the irritating substances in the lymphatic spaces of the heart. Regular and moderate exercise helps to carry off the irritating elements, mechanically at first and chemically afterward, by hastening their combustion. If the means of exit (the kidney) be sufficiently permeable the elimination of these products proceeds just so much the better. It has been noticed in the German treatment that success is more likely to follow when the urine contains no albumine.

It will be easily seen that at the present time I can do nothing more than state this theory, which seems to have a great future before it—that is to say, the prophylactic hydromineral treatment of the different forms of myocarditis at their beginning. I would like to call the careful attention of the physicians practising at the springs to this subject.

The only remaining point is to consider which springs can be used in applying this new method. They are very numerous. To the resorts which I have already named can be added Badenweiler, with its large baths, which render such great service in cardiac neuroses brought on by sexual exhaustion, hypochondria, the abuse of tobacco, &c.

In the same order of ideas the waters containing sulphate of sodium, combined with a strict *regime*, seem to me also worth trying. It is already known that Saint-Nectaire with its slight mineral qualities, has, when the treatment is well handled, an action which is very like the one of which I am speaking. This would lead me also to try Carlsbad, Brides and Mirs, but in slightly laxative doses.

A Mother's Ceaseless Love.

The Strange, Sad Vigil of Rizpah: "But the king took the two sons of Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, Armoni and Mephibosheth; and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul, whom she brought up for Adriel the son Barzillai the Meholathite; and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the beginning of the barley harvest. And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest, till water dropped upon them from out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." —*I. Samuel* XXI., 8-10.

Three thousand years and more have passed away since Rizpah with breaking heart, kept her strange, sad vigil under the shadow of the seven crosses that darkened the sacred hill of Gibeah; three thousand years, each of which has had some terriorism to tell, and yet it is very questionable whether in all these years the world has furnished a more pathetic story than this, of Rizpah, "the mother of one many sorrows," of the ancient Jewish world. The awful story is told in a few words. To appease the unslumbering vengeance of the Gibeonites, whom Saul in the days of his power had shamefully wronged, seven of his sons were offered in bloody sacrifice. Seven crosses were erected on the heights of Gibeah, and the seven young men became sad examples of the sins of a father coming upon the children with awful sadness. It was in the beginning of the barley harvest when these men were crucified, and their forms were left to rot beneath the rays of the sun. The vultures by day and the jackals by night would have made quick work with these bodies but for the ceaseless guard kept by the sad mother of two of these young men. On the day they were crucified she took a rough sack-cloth blanket—she, the tender woman who had been accustomed to royal splendors, and whose sun was turning slowly to the west—and spread it on the rock, and there, day and night, week in, week out, from the beginning of the harvest till the latter rains of October began to fall, she kept her sad and sacred watch. The light had gone forever from the eyes of her sons, and from the eyes of those others who, not being her sons, were probably comrades of her boys, at least they were one in a common shame, and in her large mother's heart Rizpah found room for them all. Poor boys! what wrongs had they done? The Gibeonites had wrecked their vengeance on her hapless sons and their friends. The Gibeonites had their revenge, and Rizpah had her dead. She could not call them back to life, but she could save them from the last indignity. No beak of vulture, no tooth of jackall should touch their sacred flesh. A brief reference to the book of Psalms serves to show that the Jewish mind regarded this cruel method of leaving dead bodies unburied as a final crowning disgrace. Hear this wail from the Poet Asaph: —"O God! The heathen are come into thine inheritance; The holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy Saints unto the beasts of the earth." So Rizpah, once the consort of a King, keeps vigil day and night to save her sons and their gallant companions from this last disgrace. What a picture of motherly devotion! If Rizpah was such a mother to the dead what a mother she must have been to the living. Here is a song for the poet, better than his laudings of kings and warriors. Here is a subject for the artist far more worthy of his skill than the portraits of Popes, or Saints, decked with the tiara of authority, or surrounded with the nimbus of imaginary sanctity. Oh Artist! paint us a picture of Rizpah's vigil and we will stand before it, and feed our gratitude to God for his gift to men, the gift of a mother's ceaseless love.

Sunday School Teacher—"Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?"

Miss Fanny (aged ten years)—"That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom."—[Texas Siftings.

Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Will Man Ever Fly?

The giant birds of geology, such as the *dinornis*, the extinct moa of New Zealand some of which stood more than ten feet high were most of them wingless, just as still the great ostrich is a running, not a flying, bird. The albatrosses and the condors, giants among the winged fowl of the present day, are only relatively gigantic, since the weights of their bodies are trifling compared with these of human beings, and their lofty flights even if matched by the ascending powers of balloons, are unsuited to the respiratory faculties of man.

Helmholtz has observed that, though many small birds which are granivorous fly swiftly, the great birds that are potent on the wing are fish and flesh eaters, not needing extensive organs of digestion for their concentrated food. He thinks it therefore probable that in the model of the great Alpine eagle nature has attained the utmost limit that can be attained, with muscles for the working organs and conditions of nourishment as favorable as possible for the size of a creature which is to raise itself by wings and maintain itself for any time high in the air.

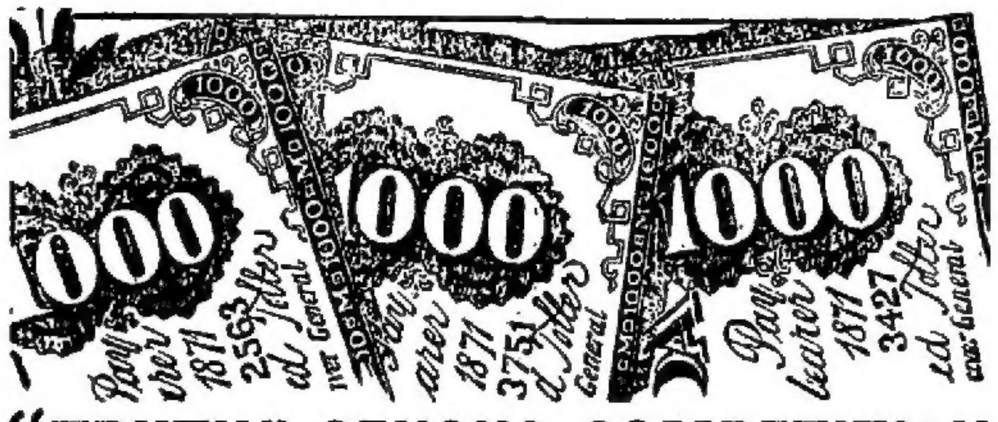
Under these circumstances he concludes that it is scarcely to be considered probable that man, with the most skillfully contrived mechanism, to be moved by his own muscular power, would ever be able to raise his own weight into the air and sustain it there for any time worth speaking of. When vessels filled with gas lighter than air are employed to supply the lifting power, and yet other vessels are employed with some stored force to take the place of our own muscular resources, the consequential increase of bulk and weight in the complex machine must indeed greatly discourage human aspirations and longings for the invention of artificial wings.

The desire involved, however little it may be formulated, in those aspirations, is for the capacity to cleave the air like a merlin or to skim over the waters like a swift, and for ability to do this or something like it freely on the impulse of the moment, not after consultation with the gas works and a fee to the electrical engineer.

Wife—I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear; shall I put in any word from you?

Husband—That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course.

Physician—"Now, Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at your tongue?" Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later)—"Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth open?" Physician—"Just one moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write the prescription."



"TRUTH" CENSUS COMPETITION

NO. 1.

Large Cash Prizes for the nearest calculations to the Population of Canada and the different Provinces and Cities in the list below.

Send now, as the First Correct Estimate in, takes the First Prize in each case.

The publisher of Toronto TRUTH in order to extend the already great circulation of that popular weekly magazine, will give the following series of cash prizes to the persons who first send him the nearest calculation, guess or estimate of what the population of the different Cities, Provinces or the Dominion of Canada, named in the list following, will be in 1891. The official government figures when they are given to Parliament will decide who the winners are. As a guide we give the populations in 1871 and 1881. You can see what the increase has been in the past, guess or estimate what it will be in 1891 and send in your figures now.

POPULATION 1871	POPULATION 1881	PROVINCES AND CITIES	CASH PRIZES. 1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
3,672,596	4,321,816	Dominion of Canada....	$1000	$250	$100	$50	$20	$10	$5
1,620,851	1,925,228	Ontario	600	150	50	25	10	5	3
1,191,516	1,359,027	Quebec	400	100	50	25	10	5	3
387,800	440,572	Nova Scotia	200	75	25	10	6	3	2
285,594	321,233	New Brunswick	200	75	25	10	5	2	2
94,021	108,891	Prince E.I. Island......	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,228	65,954	Manitoba	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
10,533	49,495	British Columbia......	150	75	25	10	5	3	2
	56,446	N. W. Territories......	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
107,225	140,747	Montreal	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
56,092	86,415	Toronto	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
59,699	62,446	Quebec	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
29,582	36,100	Halifax	100	25	10	7	5	2	3
26,716	35,961	Hamilton	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
21,545	27,412	Ottawa	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
28,805	26,127	St. John	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
15,826	19,746	London	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,407	14,091	Kingston	60	20	10	7	5	3	2
8,807	11,485	Charlottetown	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,878	9,890	Guelph	75	15	7	5	4	3	2
7,864	9,631	St Catharines	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
8,107	9,616	Brantford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
7,305	9,516	Belleville..........	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
7,570	8,670	Three Rivers	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
2,197	8,367	St Thomas..........	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
4,313	8,239	Stratford	75	25	10	7	6	3	2
241	7,985	Winnipeg	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
5,873	7,873	Chatham	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,102	7,609	Brockville..........	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,691	7,597	Levis	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,432	7,227	Sherbrooke	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,890	Hull	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,611	6,812	Peterborough	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,253	6,561	Windsor..........	50	20	7	6	4	3	2
	6,280	Yarmouth..........	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,415	St Henri	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,006	6,218	Fredericton	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,270	5,925	Victoria..........	50	20	7	6	4	3	2
	4,000	Vancouver	70	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,636	5,791	Sorel	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,114	5,585	Port Hope..........	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,982	5,373	Woodstock	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,746	5,321	St Hyacinthe	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,827	5,187	Galt	60	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,049	5,080	Lindsay	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,032	Moncton..........	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,181	Sydney	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,762	Chatham, N B..	50	20	7	5	4	3	2

TERMS ON WHICH YOU CAN COMPETE.

1. Any person sending one dollar will receive TRUTH for three months and will be allowed six guesses or estimates on any six of the above cities or provinces or on the Dominion.

2. Any person sending $5 will receive TRUTH for fifteen months (or if preferred, the paper will be sent to five addresses for three months each) and will be allowed one estimate on each city and province in the list, as well as on the Dominion; or thirty-five different estimates on any one city, or province, or on the Dominion.

3. Any person sending twenty cents will receive two numbers of TRUTH, as a trial, and will be allowed one guess or estimate on the population of any one of the cities, provinces or Dominion in the above list.

Should any guess or estimate of any city or province or of the Dominion be the exact number of the population, or the nearest to that number, the first cash prize opposite the name of the city or province or the Dominion will be given to the guesser. The person who comes next nearest will receive the second prize, the third nearest the next, and so on till all the prizes are distributed. If there is more than one correct guess or estimate of the population of each city, province or the Dominion, the prizes will be awarded in the order the letters arrive at TRUTH office. That is, first come first served. So don't delay sending in your estimate.

These prize offers will be withdrawn and the competition closed in ample time to prevent any government official from sending in who might be in a position to know the exact figures before they are given to Parliament.

No one knows now what the population will be, therefore, you have as good an opportunity as any to strike the nearest figures. Even the government census enumerator himself knows no more than you do.

The Publisher of TRUTH doesn't decide who the winners are, the official figures of the government of Canada will settle the matter, and the prizes will be paid over at once on the official announcement being made in Parliament. Full results will be published in TRUTH the moment the actual official figures are known. The Publisher of TRUTH has acquired all copyrights of these Census Competitions, and will prosecute all infringements.

Address and make all orders payable to **S. FRANK WILSON**, TORONTO, CANADA.

☞ Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts. Send in now before territory is occupied

Buying Her First Shirts.

"Good morning, madam?"

"I wish to see some men's shirts."

"For yourself?"

"Men's shirts."

"For your brother?"

"The size is thirteen and a half."

"Young man?"

"About my age."

"Of course I would not dare——"

"Nineteen."

"What kind of a shirt does your brother want?"

"Oh, something that sets up well around the neck—something jaunty."

"Jaunty? For your brother?"

"I know what I want—I mean, what he wants."

"I think this cheviot will about fit him."

"You guarantee this fit?"

"Well, if you would like to—that is if your brother would like to try them—why ——"

"Wrap it up!"

"Anything else?"

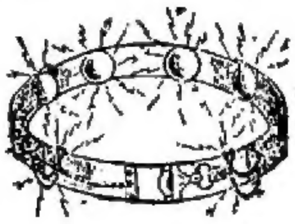
"Yes, a-four-in hand—blue!"

"How does this strike you?"

"Do you think it would go well with this dress?"

"Ah!"

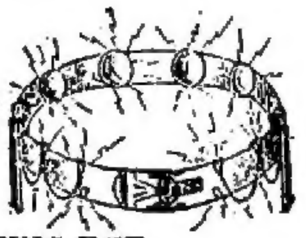
"Pshaw!" [Exit.



HOME

Electrical!

TREATMENT



MADE EASY AND PLEASANT BY USING THE

Dorenwend Electric Belt!

AND ATTACHMENTS.

The Most Efficient Appliances are those of Dorenwend.

The current generated is of greater quantity and the system of regulating is more complete than any other known form of body appliance. A few points in which the Dorenwend system is away ahead of the old, useless contrivances:—They are light in weight and in no way interfere with the clothing. All parts are adjustable and can be placed at the convenience of the wearer. The current can be regulated without removing a single section of the belt. The current can be conducted to any part of the body.

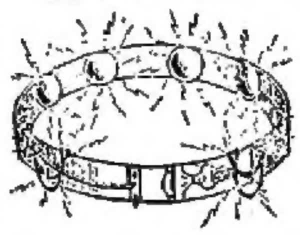
Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Spinal Disease, Neuralgia, Headache, Lame Back, St. Vitus Dance, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Female Complaints, Sexual Decline or Seminal Weakness, Sprains, Cramps, etc.

No body contrivances in the world can compare with this battery and belt for completeness and general excellence. It is the very latest, and obscure combinations of leather and metal cannot be classed with this invention. Compare this with any in the field, and if you do not pronounce it to be far superior we will give you one for nothing. Remember, there is no doubt about the electrical properties of this belt, the electricity can be felt and scientifically tested. The regulator affords perfect adjustment of the force suitable to the patient. Expert electrical and medical examination of this belt, etc., is invited. Universally endorsed by recognized authority.

Send for book on Electro-Medical Treatment, or call at the office.

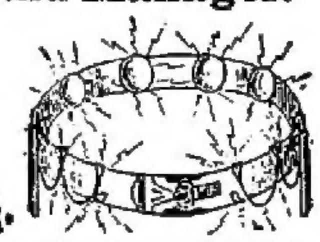
THE DORENWEND ELECTRIC BELT AND ATTACHMENT CO.

C. H. Dorenwend, Electrician and Manager.



103 Yonge St.

TORONTO, CANADA.



The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible a instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely ex- plains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read th,is valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

No human power can force the entrenchments of the human mind; compulsion never persuades it; only makes hypocrites.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Good for the breath and teeth. Sold everywhere. 5 cents.

FREE -In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis, free of all cost, for recommendations after cure. Poor or rich invited. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

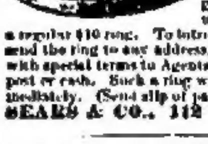
12 BEAUTIFUL Chinese Handkerchiefs, with colored borders very elegant; also a genuine Asiatic Folding Fan, hand painted and very artistic. All by mail 25 cents, (stamps or silver) Address Canadian Novelty Co., Montreal, Q.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

DR. JAMES' PILLS

Are the most effectual remedy in use for all Female Irregularities. They are small and pleasant to take. **Price $1 per Box.** Sent by mail on receipt of price.

James' Medicine Co., box 542, Toronto.



SOLID GOLD FILLED

35 Cts. for a $2.00 Ring. This ring is made of Two Heavy Plates of SOLID 18 KARAT GOLD, over composition metal, and is warranted to wear and retain its color for years. A written guarantee is sent with each ring. The regular price is $2, and it cannot be told from a regular $10 ring. To introduce our watches and jewelry, we will send the ring to any address, together with our wholesale catalogue, with special terms to Agents, Merchants, &c., on receipt of 35 cents post or cash. Such a ring was never advertised before. Order immediately. (Send slip of paper size of your finger.) Address **SEARS & CO., 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.**

DR. DORENWEND'S GERMAN HAIR MAGIC

Restores Gray Hair, Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A great preparation. For sale by all druggists everywhere. $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Agt.

When the hair shows signs of failing, begin at once to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it *soft, pliant,* and glossy.

Sandalwood glove-boxes have again appeared.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For female Complaints it *has no equal.*

Crepe fichus have scalloped and embroidered edges.

There is no Evaporation or Deterioration in strength about *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.* The ingredients of this incomparable anti-rheumatic and throat and lung remedy are not volatile, but fixed, pure and imperishable. Pain, lameness and *stiffness* are relieved by it, and it may be used with equal benefit externally and internally.

Eiffel-red kid gloves are promised us with black costumes.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc. By completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

American or imitation ivory umbrella handles are new.

Used by all athletes, base-ball players, bicyclists, etc., to keep the throat moist, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners everywhere: 5 cents.

Sateen gowns will trim with either velvet ribbon or embroidery.

After years of suffering, persons who have vainly sought medical help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves maladies incident to the gentler sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system.

Little watches of oxidized steel have a gold monogram on the back.

Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: —*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* commands a large and increasing sale, which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful: I use it in all cases of Rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it *myself* to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved from pain."

Large silver punch-bowls are decorated with East India effects.

Imperial Federation

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentry, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

Red and black house dresses are worn with black lace and red ties.

Many a once suffering consumptiv has had reason to bless that valuable preparation, T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. Every druggist sells it, whilst the office of the company at Toronto, Ontario can bear witness to the daily increasing demand for it.

Mosaic brooches and belt buckles are rare and highly prized possessions.

What is a Day's Labor.

One day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation, ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

New suede ties have a large tongue and pointed toe of patent leather and a huge gilt buckle.

"Who is happy on this mundane sphere?" sneeringly exclaimed Pessimus. "The girl with her first engagement ring," triumphantly replied Optimus.

The Bridge Mystery.

The story of the man who stood on London bridge and offered gold sovereigns for sale at 6d. apiece is well know, but it points a moral, to wit:—That there are lots of good things to be had by keeping one's eyes open. All the best doctors in the Dominion agree that the new undervests for ladies and children, just introduced as the Health Brand are about the best thing they have ever seen, being both luxurious to wear and making it almost impossible to take cold. When you go down town step into W. A. Murray & Co.'s and ask them to show you this article, and you will see at once that you can go out in any wind or weather with perfect safety if you wear them.

Colored India silk, *brocaded in monotone,* is dressy for the front of tea gowns.

Chemical Analysis shows Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to be pure and healthful.

The handsomest "robe" dresses of the season show lace effects under *applique* embroidery.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, cramps, and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

White woolen gowns are trimmed with black, stem-green, violet or yellow velvet ribbon.

What a comfort to be able to gratify one's appetite once more without pain, after long suffering from Dyspepsia! Victims of indigestion wise enough to accept the general verdict in favor of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure as true, and who use the article, can enjoy the welcome relief. Obstinate Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousness, invariably yield to its potent regulating action.

An expensive gum-pot for a desk is of cut glass and silver, imitating a flower, stem, and leaves.

All beds seem hard to the rheumatic. Then hearken ye peevish sufferers! Apply *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* to your aching joints and muscles. Rely on it that you will experience speedy relief. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who have used it. The remedy is likewise successfully resorted to for throat and lung diseases, sprains, bruises, etc.

Yellow and lilac flowers are mixed for millinery, dress garniture, and table decoration.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure: it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

"Catch-all" boxes of Dresden china are lined with silk and framed in silver.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of *Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup,* and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

Flower necklaces worn by bridesmaids are mounted on black velvet ribbon, and consist of small flowers.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight.

A lovely inkstand is of brass enameled in colors, with the inkwell of cut glass.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

Those intolerably painful and constantly harassing things called piles, which trouble so many people, are soon healed by *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—the great external remedy for physical suffering and means of relieving pains. A very small quantity achieves results of the most gratifying kind.

Dancing slippers that make the feet look small are of black kid, with a beaded bow, and ankle-strap having a buckle.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

Bonnets and hats of two kinds of straw, open and close, bid fair to be popular.

No time like the present for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every sympton is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight costiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

Small scent-bottles to carry in the palm of a glove are of silver with gold tracery.

The People's Mistake.

People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effectual cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

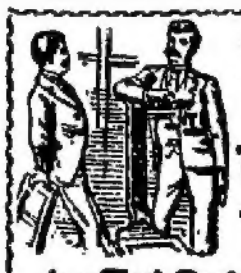
Rolling linen collars will be worn with cotton and plainly made woolen gowns.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

Single roses having buds, foliage, and a long stem are the preferred corsage bouquet.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, an employee of the U. S. Express Co., says:—*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* cured him of a bad case of Piles of 8 years standing, having tried almost every known remedy, "besides two Buffalo Physicians" without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly.

Sin writes histories; goodness is silent.



TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

LADY AGENTS CLEAR $10 DAILY selling "Victoria Preserver" and rubber goods for Ladies & Children. Sample "Victoria" by mail, Mrs. L. E. Hughes, Box 60, Chicago, Ill.

Lessons in Phrenology Examinations, Oral or Written. Mrs. Meadon, 237 McCaul Street.

AGENTS wanted. Liberal salary paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P.O. VERICKY, Augusta, Maine.

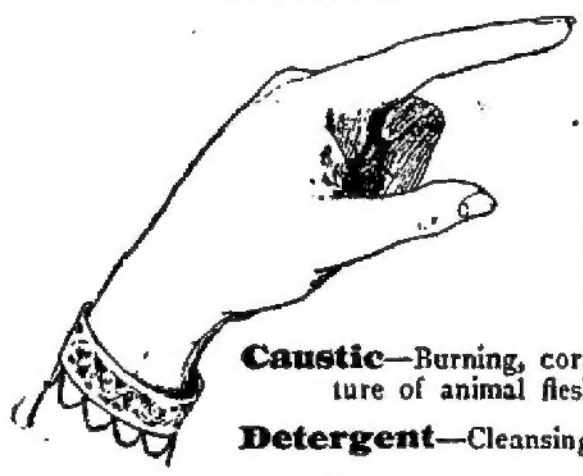
BRISTOL'S PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

It cannot injure the finest fabric or hands.



JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND THE GREAT INVENTION FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE WITHOUT INJURY TO THE TEXTURE COLOR OR HANDS. NEW YORK.

Caustic—Burning, corroding, destroying the texture of animal flesh. Webster's Dictionary.

Detergent—Cleansing, purging. Webster's Dictionary.

Chemical analysis will prove that Pearline has no caustic qualities, but that the ingredients of which it is made have been so skilfully manipulated, that Pearline stands to-day the greatest household detergent known. Science applauds it; its rapid adoption by intelligent and economical housekeepers, who use many millions of packages each year, is proof positive that science and chemistry are right. These facts should lead those who do not use Pearline, to try it at once; directions for easy washing on every package.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE — they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

148 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Palmistry.

The most important line is, of course, the line of life—that line sweeping around the base of the thumb from the wrist. Long, clear, direct in its course and well colored, it denotes long life, good health and a good character and disposition. Pale and broad, it indicates ill-health, evil instincts and a weak, envious disposition. Thick and red, it betrays, violence and brutality. The ages at which events have happened may be told by the points at which they have marked the line. The shorter the line the shorter the life; and (this is rather startling) from the point at which the line terminates in both hands may be accurately predicted the time of death. A break in the line is always an illness; if in both hands, there is always a grave danger of death, especially if the lower branch of the line turns in toward the thumb. Rays across the hand from the base of the thumb always denote worries, and the age at which they occur is always shown by the point at which the rays terminate. The "line of head," which is the next great line in the hand—it extends from between the thumb and forefinger across to the third finger—should be clear and well closed, without fork, break or ramification. Pale and broad, it indicates feebleness or lack of intellect; but if it is long and strong, it denotes self-control. The third line is the line of the heart—the line sweeping from the forefinger across the hand. If it goes right across, it indicates excessive affection, resulting in a morbid jealousy. If it is chained, the subject is an inveterate flirt. Very, very thin and bare, it is the sign of murder. The fourth great line in the hand is that of fortune, which rises through the whole hand from the wrist to between the second and third fingers. If it starts from the line of life, it shows that one's fortune results from one's own deserts; rising from the wrist, it is always a sign of good luck. Twisted or ragged at the base, it indicates ill-luck in early life. The line of health comes from the base of the line of life. Clearly traced, it seldom exists in a hand; but, when it is found, it is a sign of good health, gayety and success. There exists, of course, in every hand lines which do not come under ayn of these rules; but the expert in cheirosophy has no difficulty in reading such by reference to their position with regard to the principal lines.

Cholera is reported to be spreading rapidly in the province of Toledo, Spain.

Odd sugar-bowls and cream-jugs of pierced silver are used for the after-dinner coffee.

The very latest style of boa is a heavy ruff formed of tulle, white, gray or black, with a picot edge, and tied behind with long ends of ribbon.

Physicians strongly recommend

Wyeth's Malt Extract,

(Liquid)

To patients suffering from nervous exhaustion; to improve the Appetite, to assist Digestion, a valuable Tonic.

40 Cents per bottle.

The most satisfactory BLOOD PURIFIER is

Channing's Sarsaparilla,

It is a Grand HEALTH RESTORER.

Will cure the worst form of skin disease; will cure Rheumatism; will cure Salt Rheum.

Large Bottles, $1.00.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

For CONSUMPTION,

Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all diseases of the Lungs.

In three sized bottles 25c, 50c, and $1.00.

FOR HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA,

the D. L. MENTHOL PLASTER

For Lumbago, Sciatica, "Cricks," Tic, "Stitches," Rheumatic Pains and Chronic Rheumatism.

Each plaster in an air-tight tin box. 25c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Lim.,

MONTREAL,

Proprietors or General Agents

FOR MOST OF THE POPULAR

Proprietary or Pharmaceutical Medicines, Toilet Articles and Perfumery.

...TALE FOUNTAIN PEN 15c. ...

PRINTING OUTFIT ...

Convulsions.

Not frequently convulsions occur in infancy in consequence of some internal difficulty of a temporary nature, and are never repeated in after life. But where they are of frequent occurrence in childhood there are grounds to fear that the sufferer will sooner or later become epileptic. Indeed, a large proportion of these troubles may be traced to the frequency of infantile convulsions. It is very difficult to discriminate between those early attacks, which are simply accidental, and not likely to recur, and those which are but the beginning of a life-long epilepsy. Hence, it is always requisite that the utmost care should be taken to prevent their recurrence. It is doubtless true, that in many instances, children born with an epileptic tendency are cured of it by the intelligent care and nursing of parents, whereby their bodily weaknesses are strengthed, and their entire nervous system greatly changed for the better, even to a state of successful resistance of the threatened evil. All parents are under a serious responsibility in respect to all matters affecting the present good health and future well being of their natural offspring.

Better Look At It.

Amongst the advertisements in our columns there is one well worth the attention of every lady. It consists of a picture of a pretty young girl, and a description of the newly introduced "Health" undervests, highly recommended by the medical faculty, and for sale by W. A. Murray & Co.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

DR. A. WILFORD HALL'S HEALTH PAMPHLET.

Health Without Medicine.

Read the Following Testimonial:

"DEAR SIR,—I was among the very first to order Dr. Hall's Health Pamphlet on seeing its announcement in the MICROCOSM. I was then in Washington City, and proceeded immediately to put the new treatment into practice personally and with others, more especially to test its physiological and therapeutical effects. I have become so well convinced of its value for the alleviation of many forms of disease, such as dyspepsia, lung troubles, constipation, kidney derangements, and in fact all forms of disease which have their origin in an impure state of the circulation, that I am ready to give it my unqualified indorsement as a potent adjuvant in the treatment of such cases. Jas. F. Danter, M.D., late of Toronto, now of Fresno, Cal.

THE HEALTH PAMPHLET

tells the secret of keeping in health by warding off disease and building up the constitution

By Rational Treatment

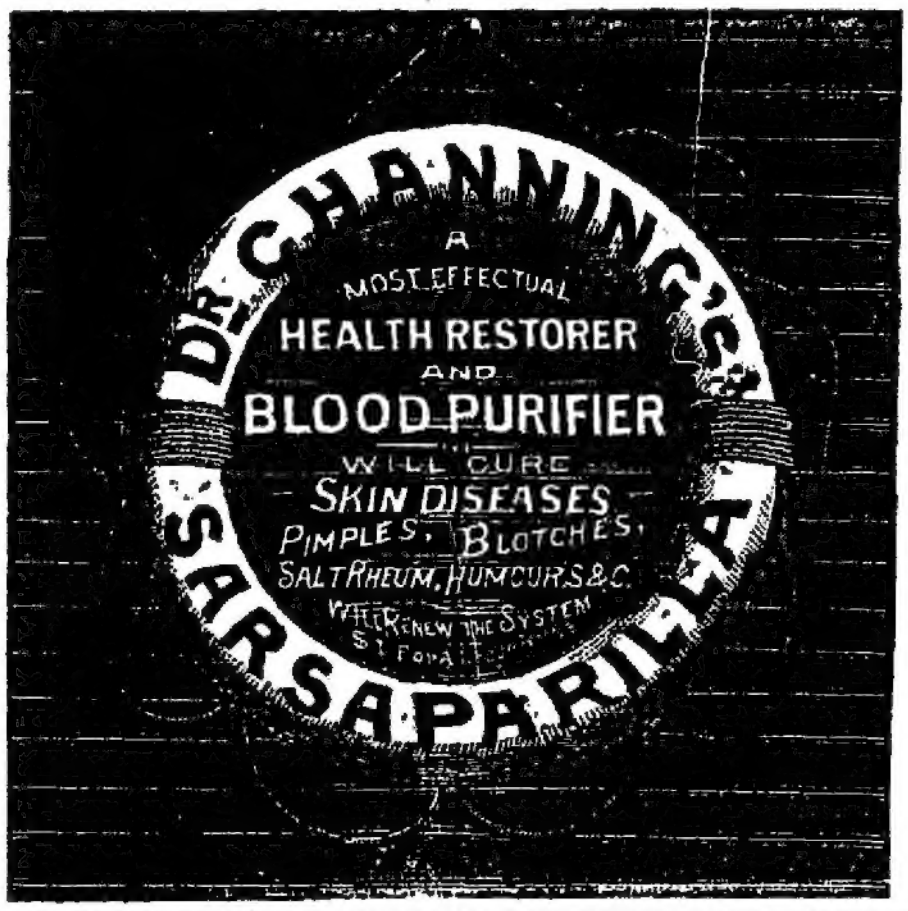
Circulars sent on application. Other personal references given on application.

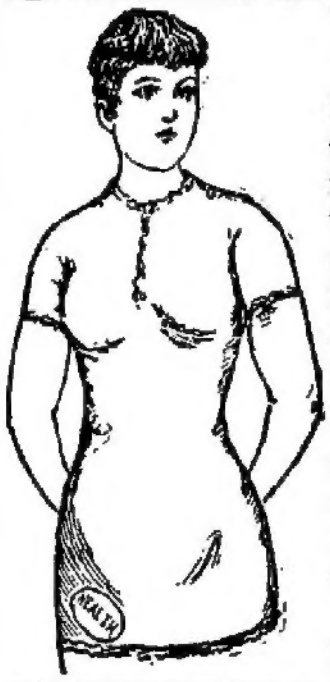
AGENTS WANTED.

C.C.POMEROY

49½ KING ST. WEST,

TORONTO.





What's Prettier than a Woman's Figure when she is beautifully shaped and wears clothes that fit her? The Undervests just introduced and registered under the name of the "Health Brand" improve the fit of a gown, and at the same time are luxurious and comfortable.

SIR JAMES GRANT, of Ottawa, says: "I feel sure you have accomplished a good work in the production of the Health Undervests, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people."

They can be bought at W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S.

OAK BALM FREE! FREE! FREE! OAK BALM

A safe, pleasant and permanent cure for all Female Complaints. It is a painless, effectual vegetable remedy and works like magic, often relieving pain with the very first application, from which the patient may have suffered for years. Thousands of ladies who have been permanently cured by this wonderful remedy, testify to the truth of this statement. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try it. Sample free. Price $1 for one month's treatment. For sale by druggists generally, or send direct to the general agent,

JOHN TROTTER, No. 5 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post office. Address:

EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

CURED

H. G. ROOT M. C., 136 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

"CURLINE"

Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., 5c. extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

A. Dorenwend,

Paris Hair Works,

103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Drinking Impure Water Causes Much Disease.

"Often so dangerous that it will deprive people of the use of limbs and reason. The only natural water safe to drink is mineral," so says Sir Henry Thompson.

Toronto citizens are at present exposed to above danger; to offset the evil and prevent the spread of disease ST. LEON WATER, THE HEALTHIEST DRINK IN AMERICA, has been reduced by the glass at all offices.

"To fight and conquer disease St. Leon is the most powerful agent known," say physicians.

THE ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., Ltd Head Office 1913 King Street West. Branch Tidy's Flower Depot, 161 Yonge St., Toronto.

RUPTURE

The last 25 years I have adjusted more Trusses than any man in America. Valuable Patents, my own invention, in Trusses, Spinal and Club Feet Instruments.

Rupture—I will guarantee to hold largest Rupture without touching your hip, no straps whatsoever, waterproof. Largest stock of general Trusses, also the great Clothe Spiral Trusses in stock. Reliable system for ORDERING BY MAIL.

Spinal Instruments half the weight of other makes and more effective.

CLUB FEET I claim the only mechanical system to straighten born Club Feet (Patented.) I will prove to anybody that operation never did nor can straighten Club Feet. Send 6 cent stamps for Book.

CHAS. CLUTHE, 118 King St. W., Toronto.

POND'S EXTRACT

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

THE PAIN DESTROYER.

THE WONDER OF HEALING!

CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.

Used Internally & Externally. Prices 50c., $1, $1.75

POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York & London

Retail Price 75 Cents

COMPLETE WITH CLOTH

It saves Labor, Time and Clothing.

As the hands do not come in contact with the water, chapped, scalded and sore hands are avoided. The mop being wrung at arm's length there is no stooping or straining of the back or shoulders. The hands are not soiled or disfigured by the wringing of a filthy, greasy cloth. As the cloth is not drenched or disfigured as in ordinary mopping no special preparation is required.

The use of scalding water is another important advantage impossible with the ordinary hand-wringing mop. The floor washes easier cleaner and quicker, and dries quicker.

Agents write for prices.

Tarbox Bros., 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

Eagle Steam Washer

No wash-board or wash-boiler required, no rubbing, no wear on your clothes. **Good Agents Wanted.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue and terms. Manufactured by

MEYER BROS., 87 Church St., Toronto.

Also Wringers, Mangles, etc.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

60c. Per Box.

TANSY PILLS!

Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

LADIES

INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING

FEATHERBONE

TRY A SAMPLE PAIR. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE
THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL
THEY ARE MORE STYLISH

CORSETS.

THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET.

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment Is an infallable Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds Sores and Ulcers, is famous for Gout and rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. **For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases,** it has no rival, and for Contracted and Stiff Joints, it act like a charm.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., late 533 Oxford St., London

And are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 32s. each box or pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO FORTUNE. Arthur Labelle, 186 St. James St. Montreal P.Q.

Cutting and Fitting.

Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeve a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut

CORSETS

made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed

Wire Dress Forms

For draping, etc.

426½ YONGE STREET

JUST SOUTH OF COLLEGE.

DR. NICHOLS'

FOOD OF HEALTH

For Children and Adults.

Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Props.

Montreal Office, 17 St. John Street.

Dr. T. R. Allinson, L.R.C.P., London, says: "I like Dr. Nichols' 'Food of Health' very much and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it cannot be surpassed." Send for sample FREE.

Consumption Cured

Canabis Sativa Indian Remedy.

Send for testimonials.

Dan Taylor & Co

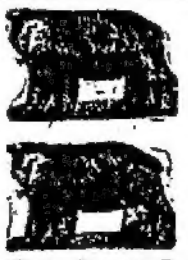
133 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

AGENTS FOR CANADA.

THE ONLY

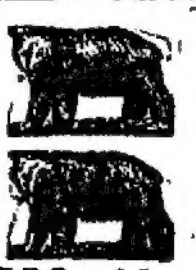
ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Having Absorbent Qualities.



W. T. Baer & Co.

A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE.



W. T. Baer & Co.

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

All Home References; No Foreign or Manufactured Testimonials.

W. J. Gould, Gurney Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in 4 days—Sciatica.

Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the 6th day—Neuralgia.

A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knees cured.

Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton ave., City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., City, cured of Sciatica in 6 weeks.

E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide st. west., City, Catarrh cured by Actina.

Miss Annie Wray, Music Teacher, Manning ave., finds Actina invaluable.

John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in 2 weeks by Actina.

L. B. McKay, Tobacconist, cured of Headache after years of suffering.

C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer st., City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.

R. Austin, 84 Adelaide st. west, City, Dyspepsia 6 years, Butterfly Belt did him more good than he expected.

Miss Laura Grose, John st., City, Constitutional Sore Eyes cured in one month.

Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King st., west, City, after years sleeplessness, now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.

Richard Hood, 40 Stewart st., City, used Actina 3 months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.

Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declares Actina worth $100—Headache.

Mrs. Hatt, 342 Clarence ave., City, cured of Blood Poisoning.

Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant st., City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, 12 years standing.

J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulders after all others failed.

Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in 15 days.

Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis st., City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our belt.

H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.

Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.

Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas st., Nervous Debility—Improved from the first day until cured.

Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.

J. A. T., Ivy, cured of Emissions in 2 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, new a lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF

ACTINA!

L. Jones MAITLAND ON. Dec90

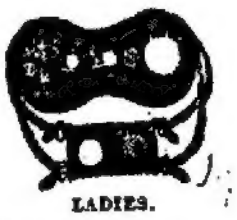
Given on Trial.

Illustrated Book and Journal Free.

BUTTERFLY.

The only Company WHO DARE ADVERTISE PRICES

NO VINEGAR or ACID USED.



LADIES.

Combined Belt and Suspensory Only $5.00.

W. T. BAER & Co., 171 Queen St. W., Toronto.